

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,067

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# THE GRAPHIC.

AN

## ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

## NEWSPAPER.



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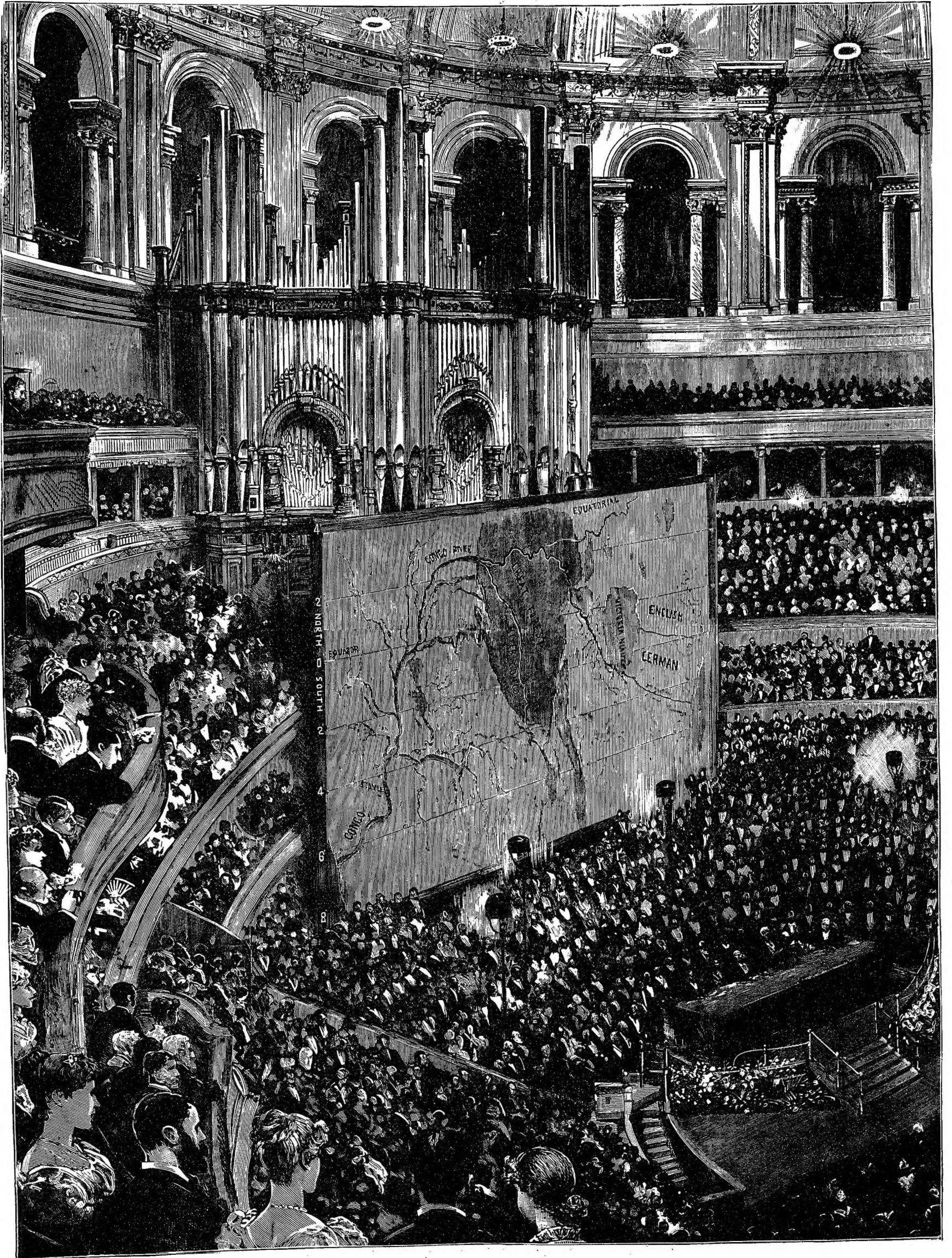
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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ÉDITION  
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1890

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE  
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MR. STANLEY AT THE ALBERT HALL  
THE EXPLORER LECTURING BEFORE THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY



## THE GRAPHIC



**ACQUISITION OF LAND FOR PUBLIC PURPOSES.**—Mr. Reid's Resolution on this subject was rather loosely worded; and some of the arguments by which it was sought to be supported, such as the Sutherlandshire evictions of seventy years ago, and the over-crowding in great cities, were not very relevant to the object which they were intended to serve. Nevertheless, in a House of 334 members, the Resolution was rejected by only 16 votes. It should be remembered, also, that Mr. Ambrose's amendment was not, at any rate ostensibly, hostile to the principle involved in Mr. Reid's motion: it simply demanded that the proposal should be more accurately defined. The inference to be derived from this is that the House of Commons, which is largely composed of rich men, and which is rarely so progressive as the electors whom it professes to represent, does look favourably on the principle that popularly-elected local bodies should be empowered to purchase land for public purposes, either compulsorily or by voluntary agreement. Outside the House the feeling is far stronger on this point, especially in the rural districts. At present the farm-labourers, who are really the most indispensable people in the district, inasmuch as they are the cultivators of the soil, are entirely dependent for boons of this sort on the good-will of the owners of the land. We are not speaking here so much of allotments, as of land for recreative purposes, and for the erection of libraries, reading-rooms, and halls. Hitherto, where such places exist, they are the creation of private benefactions. This ought not to be the case. They should be provided at the public cost, and for the public benefit. If the Government wish to stay in office, they are advised to take up this subject, heartily and speedily. The English farm-labourer is not a fool, and he naturally contrasts the feeble, half-hearted reforms which have been brought forward on his behalf with the root-and-branch legislation in favour of the Irish peasant. Hodge does not boycott, or go out moonlighting, or mutilate cattle, or assassinate landlords, agents, and emergency-men. Consequently, he has to stand patiently waiting, while the Government are forcing through Parliament a Land Purchase Bill which pledges the credit of the British tax-payer to the tune of 33,000,000*l.*, and which, curiously enough, is hotly opposed by most of the Irish M.P.'s.

**THE KAISER'S SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.**—After all that we have heard of the pacific intentions of the German Emperor, it is rather discouraging to find that he thinks it necessary to ask the Reichstag to sanction a considerable addition to his already enormous army. There can be no doubt that he will get what he wants, for Germany is resolved that she shall be at least equal in military strength to the most powerful of her neighbours. Whether the process of preparing for war by constantly-increasing expenditure can go on much longer is another question. It is possible that the nations of Europe may by and by decide that it would be better for them to fight and settle their quarrels one way or another than to ruin themselves by an insane rivalry in the maintenance of costly armaments. The Emperor has certainly no wish for a policy of military adventure, and the like might be said of the other Potentates who keep up gigantic forces at the expense of their subjects; but, in their eagerness to get ready for any struggle that may be forced upon them, they may be forging the instrument that will bring them face to face with the very danger they desire to avoid. Happily, the Emperor, in opening Parliament, had some other subjects to deal with; and it is a good deal pleasanter to think of what he had to say about them than of his announcement about the army. Any one who hoped that he would propose Utopian schemes for the reorganisation of society must have been bitterly disappointed by the plans he unfolded. Every one of his suggestions for the improvement of the circumstances of the working classes was reasonable, and we may anticipate that all of them will in one form or another be accepted by the Reichstag. It is probable, too, that they will really tend to allay discontent, for it is manifest that the Emperor is a social Reformer, not because he fears the mass of the people, but because he sympathises with them, and sincerely wishes to promote their welfare. That will not escape the notice of workmen, who know well how to distinguish between genuine and sham friends.

**DEVELOPING SOUTHERN AFRICA.**—It is curious that the British capitalist, after looking askance at South Africa until quite a recent date, should now be the most ardent believer in the "potentiality of riches" hidden in that part of the world. Perhaps the discovery of diamond and gold fields may have something to do with this remarkable change. Mr. Cecil Rhodes and others having accumulated vast fortunes in those brilliant industries, John Bull concludes that his past scepticism as to the resources of South Africa was not quite justified. Perhaps, in another decade, he may similarly regret his present credulity. However that may be, he is now in the humour to go neck-or-nothing in this new field of commercial enterprise. The East and South African

Companies are to be supplemented, it appears, by another kindred corporation, which will direct and promote the development of Zululand, Pondoland, and Swaziland. Being to some extent conterminous, and possessing a fine seaboard, with at least one good harbour, these fertile territories need only capable, firm, and vigorous rule to prosper accordingly, even if destitute of mineral wealth. Pieced together they would form a really important State, holding command of the shortest and best road from the Eastern littoral to the Transvaal goldfields. But the Boers and the English are alike debarred by treaty from exercising suzerainty in any shape or form over Swaziland, the most important of the three countries, and this self-denying ordinance can only be set aside by mutual consent. It is, therefore, proposed to place the Swazis under joint British and Boer control for an experimental period of ten years, a compromise which would be pretty sure to eventuate in much the same complications as rendered the Anglo-French control of Egypt intolerable.

**THE COUNTY COUNCIL AND THE CITY CORPORATION.**—In concluding his review of the Committee work of the London County Council, Lord Rosebery made some significant remarks regarding the City Corporation. He was perfectly courteous and civil, but he remarked that the position of the City was unnatural, and had in its present shape no elements of durability. There can be no doubt that the City Corporation occupies an anomalous position, but numerous institutions in this country abound with anomalies, and often answer their purpose all the better on this account. It may be admitted that, had the Local Government Bill been engineered by a Radical Ministry, the glorious old "Copperation," as "Robert" calls it, would have been submerged beneath the waters of democratic uniformity, and the Lord Mayor, who has been raised by French imaginativeness to a pinnacle of international importance, would have undergone such a transformation as to be altogether a different sort of being. We cannot regret that Mr. Ritchie had the good sense and the moderation to leave the City alone. It is a peculiar region, and deserves to retain its ancient government. Crowded by day, it is silent and deserted after business hours; it has many visitors but few residents; and though abounding in wealth is left at night to the custody of a handful of constables and caretakers. Lord Rosebery's parallel of the Pope at the Vatican is ingenious, but scarcely applies to the conditions existing at the Mansion House; for should the Pope hereafter determine to quit Rome, it will be because he wishes, not because he is forced to go; whereas, if the Lord Mayor and Corporation depart from the City of London, the exodus will be due to adverse influences from outside. And, talking about exoduses, what will the County Council do when Lord Rosebery goes? He has been an ideal Chairman, and, in welding together the fortuitous atoms of the L.C.C. into a sort of homogeneity, he has had a tougher job than is likely to fall to the lot of his successor. He has been emphatically "the right man in the right place," if we may venture to revive that once-popular but tautological phrase.

**FRANCE AND EGYPT.**—The French Government have at last abandoned their purely obstructive attitude with regard to the conversion of the Egyptian Debt. No thanks are due to them for this change. They have been influenced simply by the fact that their policy in this matter has made France extremely unpopular in Egypt. They do not like to think that an obnoxious tax is known as "the French tax." Ever since the Egyptian troubles began, the French have played a part which ill accords with their claim to be considered a generous nation. They declined to act with us in the attempt to restore order in the country; and then, when we had made enormous sacrifices in fulfilling the task we had undertaken, they threw every obstacle in our way. We have succeeded in securing for the Egyptian people many solid benefits, but at every stage of our progress we have had to contend with French jealousy and intrigue. The English Government will no doubt make a resolute effort to arrive at a satisfactory compromise about the financial questions which are now in dispute. In the interest of Egypt, as well as in our own, it may be worth while to give up some financial advantages in order to get rid of at least one cause of discord. But no important political concession should be made. England has always expressed her willingness to withdraw her troops when her work is done; and she can be true to herself and to the Egyptians only by steadfastly adhering to the principle on which she has hitherto acted.

**MUZZLING.**—If the statistics quoted by Mr. Chaplin may be relied upon, even the most incredulous must admit that the muzzling edict has greatly benefited humanity. They go to show a quite remarkable diminution of rabies since the order was issued. While the average number of cases per month in the third quarter of 1889 was forty-four, and in the fourth quarter twenty-seven, that for the first quarter of the present year was only thirteen. Nor has the shrinkage yet ceased, apparently; in April the number of cases fell to seven. The question that presents itself on reading these gratifying figures is, How and by whom were they obtained? Mr. Chaplin only gives them, of course, at second, or third, or even fourth hand; they come to him from the officials of the department over which he presides. Even, however, if due allowance be made for "cooking," whether conscious or

unconscious, there cannot be any doubt that considerable improvement has taken place since the order was issued. Nor do we question that even better results would have been attained had muzzling been enforced throughout the whole kingdom at the same time. Dog-owners would have made a terrible noise, no doubt; but, after all, the Government would have suffered less from one mighty shout of indignation than from the continuous dropping of invective which is provoked by their applying the order piecemeal. Besides, the non-dog-owning public have a right to some consideration; and it irritates them to know that, if they chance to cross the invisible line dividing a muzzled county from an unmuzzled, they will run the risk of being bitten by a mad dog with free jaws.

**THE CENTRAL LONDON RAILWAY.**—The preamble of this Bill has been proved to the satisfaction of the House of Commons Committee, subject to several conditions, the most important of which is that no capital is to be raised until the City and Southwark Subway has been opened and used by the travelling public for a certain time. This seems a sensible proviso, for the projected line under Oxford Street and Holborn is in two respects a novel venture. First, because its motive power is derived from electricity; and, secondly, because it will burrow at a greater depth beneath the surface than (we believe) any existing underground railway. It is only right then that the Subway, which is also electrical, and constructed at a very low level, should first be tested by practical experience. Of course the existing underground lines do not approve of their new rival, inasmuch as it will substitute a direct for a circuitous route, but the passenger needs of this mighty city are so vast and various that their traffic will not ultimately suffer. As for the omnibuses, nothing seems able to kill them. We remember when the Metropolitan Railway was opened some five-and-twenty years ago, that confident prophets foresaw the entire extinction of the omnibus between Paddington and the City. Now they are more numerous than ever, and are more likely to slay the railway than the railway to slay them. The fair sex, especially when travelling alone, prefer omnibuses. And we doubt whether they will relish descending and ascending in lifts to and from the bowels of the earth. This point, however, is of more interest to the shareholders in the new venture than to the public.

**SWEATING.**—Statisticians often set themselves to prove that during the nineteenth century there has been an enormous improvement in the material condition of the community. The Report of the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the sweating system is an extremely unpleasant commentary on the congratulations of these authorities. It is true, of course, that large classes are much better off than their forefathers were; but, unfortunately, it is also true that there are strata of society which have in no way benefited by the growth of the national wealth. This is most vividly and most painfully brought out by the Select Committee's Report. A sadder document has seldom been printed, and we can only hope that a time may come when it will seem almost incredible that the shocking state of things which it describes can ever have really existed. It is easy enough to see the evil, but by no means so easy to find a remedy. The Committee evidently devoted itself earnestly to the search for some means of bringing "sweating" to an end; but, even if all its recommendations were adopted, the system would probably still be essentially unchanged. One of the best of its proposals is that the greatest care should be taken to prevent the possibility of "sweating" in connection with Government contracts for clothing and accoutrements. If the State acts justly and humanely in such matters, it is possible that its example may be followed by at least some private employers. The recommendations as to more stringent inspection are also, so far as they go, in the right direction; and Parliament ought to lose no time in enforcing them. After all, however, little can be done until the workers themselves awake to a consciousness of their rights as human beings, and learn to combine for the protection of their common interests.

**THE PANAMA CANAL.**—So quickly does the world whirl along, and so multitudinous are its pursuits and interests, that the ill-fated Panama Canal is well nigh forgotten. Occasionally some adventurous traveller brings back a dismal tale of cities deserted, great works going to ruin, costly machinery becoming swallowed up by King Jungle, and other sad signs of human failure. But such tidings only occupy public attention for a very brief while—not nearly so long as the performing bears which have just gained Royal approval. Yet the Paris Inquiry Committee seem to imagine that the canal may yet be rehabilitated, to testify to future generations the grandeur of French genius. It is only a question of money; so many hundreds of millions of francs, and all the commercial navies of the world will be able to sail through the Panama isthmus as they already sail through that of Suez. One cannot but admire the indomitable spirit of the Committee in taking up this attitude. Do they forget that even the prestige and popularity of M. de Lesseps failed at last to draw any more money out of French pockets? Perhaps, however, it is because they do remember it that their present appeal is addressed to the maritime States generally. They are merely invited to



guarantee the interest on whatever sum may be required to complete the work. At the same time, it is pretty plainly indicated that they would have to pay the interest as well as to guarantee it, for a considerable time, if not permanently. And for what? Merely on the chance that this short cut to the Far East would redound to their advantage. We question whether the maritime Powers will show much eagerness to avail themselves of this handsome offer. To do so, would be very much like buying a pig in a poke for the possible advantage of some other person.

**HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE.**—Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Scotch by birth, but American by naturalisation, who has himself achieved this object, has been telling the public in the columns of the *New York Tribune* "how it's done." There is no humbug or quackery about his prescriptions, and for that reason some of his remarks are well worth remembering. For instance, in these days, when everybody wishes not only to be rich himself, but to leave his children comfortably off, the stimulus of poverty, concerning which Aristophanes wrote so wisely and wittily more than two thousand years ago, should not be forgotten. All the great captains of industry, says Mr. Carnegie, have risen from the ranks, and a college education is a barrier to a successful career. But technical training is very valuable. Mr. Carnegie advises the young aspirant to make himself indispensable to his employers by doing them services, when an opportunity offers, which are out of his usual routine of duty, and by seeking reward for the same, not in increased salary, but in some profit-sharing arrangement. He thinks that establishments owned by a multitude of "sleeping" capitalists, and administered by salaried officers, will always in the long run be beaten by partnerships in which each partner is vitally interested in the work carried on. Finally, he condemns speculation. Speculating and manufacturing are, he says, incompatible processes. "I have never known a speculative manufacturer or business man who scored a permanent success." Some of the adventurous gentlemen in the cotton-trade—and not in the cotton-trade only—will do well to lay this maxim to heart.

**ENGLISH UNDEFINED.**—At the Royal Academy banquet Mr. John Morley was not quite so effective as Lord Salisbury, who has rarely spoken more brightly and genially than on this occasion. Nevertheless, Mr. Morley's speech was one of great interest, and all who take pride in the English language must have been grateful to him for what he had to say as to the need for maintaining its purity and simplicity. Thanks in part to American influence, many outlandish words and phrases have lately passed into common use; and readers of contemporary novels have too frequent opportunities of learning that even the elementary rules of grammar are by no means universally held in respect. It is surely lamentable that the noblest language in the world should be treated in this contemptuous way. Frenchmen resent almost as a personal injury any innovation that tends to disfigure their native speech. Why should Englishmen be less intolerant of such abuses? New modes of expression may be necessary for the full and lucid statement of new ideas, but men and women who are able to think for themselves, and to arrive at fresh conclusions, are rarely guilty of the kind of offence which excites Mr. Morley's indignation. The offenders are persons who like to make a "sensation," or to win a cheap reputation for "humour." If schoolmasters devoted a little more attention to the teaching of English literature, perhaps the evil might be to some extent remedied. No one who appreciated the power and charm of the masterpieces of our great writers would ever be likely to find much to interest him in vulgar slang.

**THE TOWER ARMOUR.**—It is to be hoped that the intelligent and sarcastic foreigner was not present in the House of Commons when Sir Robert Fowler questioned the War Secretary about providing more suitable accommodation for the priceless collection of armour at the Tower. Here we have the pitiful story of the National Portrait Gallery with a new face and with some even more ridiculous features added. "For a very long time"—we quote Sir Robert's statement—two fine halls have been ready to receive the collection which is now hidden away in a cramped space where it cannot be properly seen. What, then, is the hindrance which prevents the armour from being transferred to the two decorated halls? Want of money; John Bull has grown so poor that he cannot afford 1,000*l.* for the purpose. That is the sum estimated by Mr. Stanhope as sufficient, but so parsimonious is this wealthy country that he has never been able to get it passed in the Estimates. Did he ever ask for it? Has any one ever done so? We cannot call to mind any occasion on which such a vote was proposed in the House of Commons. Even Mr. Labouchere or Mr. Storey, in the most sublime fit of economy, would not, we feel assured, move an amendment if Mr. Stanhope would now pluck up courage to introduce a Supplementary Estimate. Yet it would be almost a pity to mar the humour of such a really monumental joke. Here, on the one hand, we have one of the finest collections of armour in Europe; there, on the other, are two noble halls specially decorated and arranged for the reception of the collection. Yet a country with a surplus of three and a-half millions cannot bring them together for lack of 1,000*l.*!

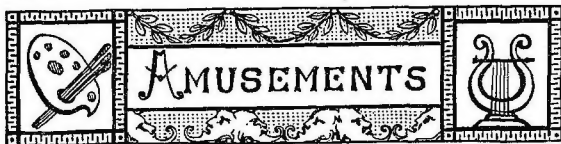
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June 4th for 15 days.	July 15th for 15 days.
June 18th for 27 days.	July 29th for 27 days.
June 25th for 15 days.	Aug. 8th for 21 days.

The steamers will be navigated through the "Inner Lead," i.e., inside the Fringe of Islands off the Coast of Norway, thus securing smooth water; those of the 18th June and 23rd July will proceed to the North Cape, where the Sun may be seen above the horizon at midnight. The "Garonne" and "Chimborazo" are fitted with electric light, hot and cold water, &c. Cuisine of the highest order.  
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### MR. H. M. STANLEY AT THE ALBERT HALL

EIGHT thousand persons assembled in the Albert Hall on Monday evening, when the Royal Geographical Society held a meeting, under the presidency of Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, to receive Mr. Stanley on his return from Africa. Royalty mustered in great force on this memorable occasion, and celebrities of all sorts were present. On the right of the chairman sat Mr. Stanley, and on his right the Prince of Wales. On the left was the Duke of Edinburgh. In front of the platform was a magnificent display of lilies and ferns. Facing this bank of flowers were gilt arm-chairs, those on the right for the Princess of Wales and her party, those on the left for the Duchess of Edinburgh and her children. After a few weighty words from the President, Mr. Stanley began his address. His voice sounded clear and sonorous, and was distinctly heard in the galleries. Behind him, half concealing the organ, hung a large specially-prepared map, in the centre of which appeared a great green patch, representing the famous equatorial forest. The first part of Mr. Stanley's address included a description of this forest and its pigmy inhabitants. The stories of the ancient geographers, which were regarded as old wives' fables, are now proved to be true; there is a nation of dwarfs, and the Mountains of the Moon have a real existence. The great forest covers an area equal to that of France, Great Britain, and Ireland united, while the density of its foliage is not excelled even in Brazil. He then passed on to various ethnographical questions. The pigmies, whose average height is only forty inches, he regards as the most ancient race in the world. Finally, Mr. Stanley discussed the geography of the Semliki Valley and the Ruwenzori Range. The Semliki Valley runs between Lakes Albert Edward and Albert Nyanza. He thinks that this lake region is gradually drying or silting up. At the close of the address gold medals were presented to Mr. Stanley's gallant companions of travel, all of whom were present, and an extra gold medal (as already in 1873 he had received that of the Society) to Mr. Stanley, made of British gold, which was given for this purpose by Mr. Pritchard Morgan, the developer of the gold-fields of North Wales. Nothing could be more appropriate than Welsh gold, from a Welshman to a Welshman.

### EMIN PASHA AND THE EDINBURGH EXHIBITION

See page 524

### MAY DAY AT ST. MARY CRAY

Of all pretty revivals, one of the prettiest, the May Day Fête, attracted last Thursday great crowds to the usually quiet Kentish village of St. Mary Cray. The May Queen, attended by her maids of honour, had her throne on a triumphal car, drawn by four Sussex bullocks, with drivers in Old English costume. The procession was led by Druids, with flowing beards and flowing robes (one very much like Father Christmas, out of season), followed by Friendly Societies with their banners, and tilters on horseback, by maskers, clowns, and sweeps, Jack-in-the-Box, living chess characters, milkmaids leading a decorated cow, children representing wild flowers, maids with garlands, and a living pack of cards.

Starting from the paper-mills of Messrs. W. Joynson and Son, the merry-makers, after passing through Cray and Orpington, proceeded to the Recreation Grounds, where the sports and the crowning of the Queen of May took place. After the principal event, the crowning of the queen, the sports began with a game of chess, played by living characters. The dance round the Maypole, and especially tilting at the ring by farmers of the countryside in Old English costume, attracted great notice, and were greatly admired. There were also quarter-staff, quintain, and all sorts of other games, ending with a *fête* of lanterns.

Cray was gaily decorated with bunting, flags, and archways of greenery; and everybody praised Mr. Joynson, to whose liberality and initiative the success of the *fête* was principally due.

### BLESSING A SPANISH RAILWAY

IN Roman Catholic countries the opening of a new railway is a more solemn affair than it is with us, and always requires the benison of an ecclesiastical functionary of some sort. The line to which our picture refers has, however, an additional interest for us, inasmuch as it has been made by an English company and with English money. It is a branch of the main line from Murcia to Granada, now being constructed by the Great Southern of Spain Railway Company, and runs from Lorca, one of the principal towns on the route, to Aguilas, a newly-constructed port on the Mediterranean. This port belongs to the company, and is likely to become a point of some importance, as it will be the natural exit for all the products of at least one-half the line, including the famous iron mines of Baeares, the equally famous marble-quarries of Macael, and the steatite mines of Somontin. The new railway will eventually connect, moreover, with the line now being constructed by another English company from Bobadilla to Algeciras, and thus a continuous route from Gibraltar to Marseilles, through Granada, Murcia, Alicante, Valencia, and Cataluña, will eventually be formed. Altogether, the prospects of the line seem exceedingly favourable.—Our engraving is from a photograph.

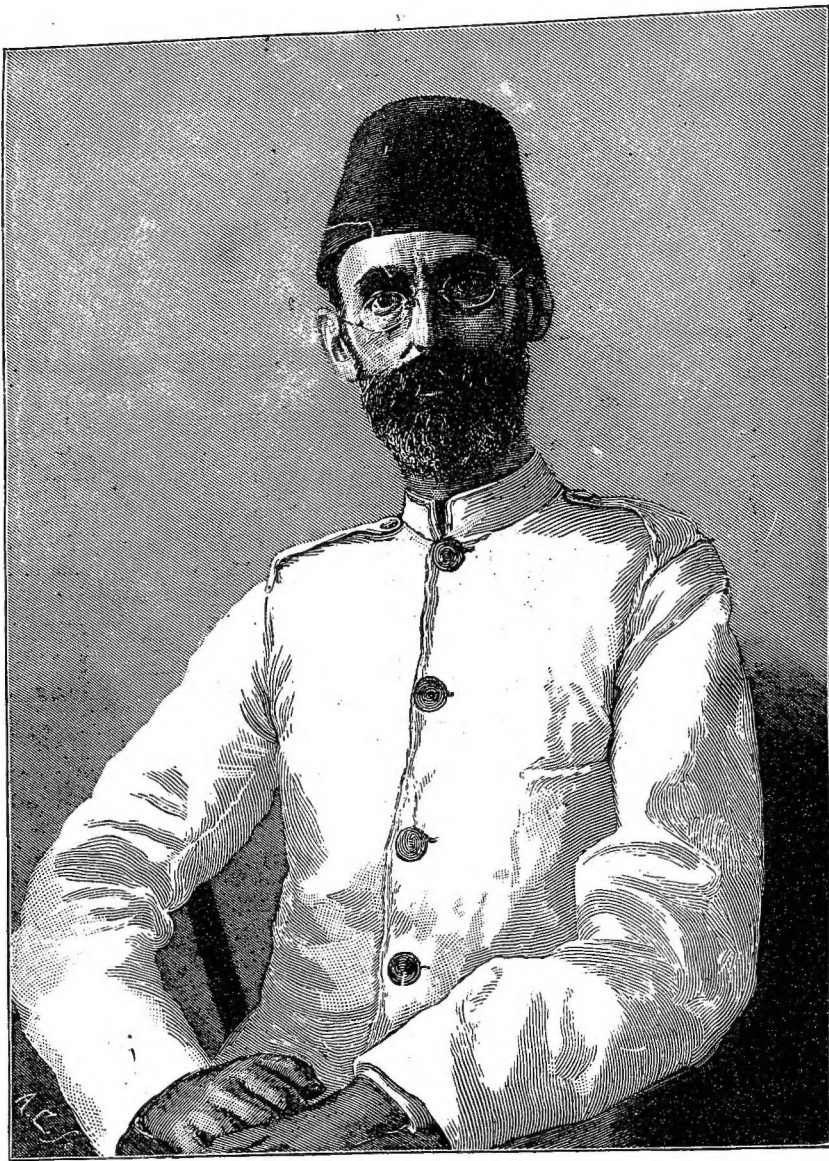


### PORTRAIT OF EMIN PASHA

HAVING already on several previous occasions, and notably in our recently-published special Stanley Number, given full biographical details concerning the Governor of the Equatorial Province, such information need not be repeated here. It is more apposite to observe that an expedition which was carried to a successful issue by the courage and patience of its leaders, despite unparalleled hardships and privations, after all rescued a man who was by no means anxious to be rescued. People who read the wonderful narrative hastily are apt to forget that about nine months elapsed between the two meetings with Emin Pasha. The first took place on April 29th, 1888. As Emin then showed no keen desire to give up his post, Stanley departed to search for his rear-column, and, having reorganised his scattered forces, returned to the Albert Nyanza. Emin's position had completely changed in the interval—his officers had revolted against him, and he had been for a time a prisoner. Yet even then Stanley had hard work to persuade him to quit the disaffected province. At length, on April 10th, 1889, the homeward march began to the East Coast, and Bagamoyo, a coast-village opposite the Island of Zanzibar, was reached on December 4th. A banquet was given in the evening by the German officers to welcome the explorers. It was followed by a sad disaster, for Emin, who is near-sighted, walked out of a window and fractured his skull. For a long time he lay in a precarious state, but, under the untiring care of Surgeon Parke, he made a wonderful recovery.—Our portrait is from a photograph recently taken at Zanzibar, and kindly sent to us by Dr. R. W. Felkin, F.R.G.S., F.R.S.E.

### THE EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

THE buildings of this Exhibition occupy fields with an area of nearly ninety acres at Merchiston, the south-western suburb of the city, and are connected with the central districts by two lines of railway and a tram-road. The buildings are very extensive, and are almost entirely constructed

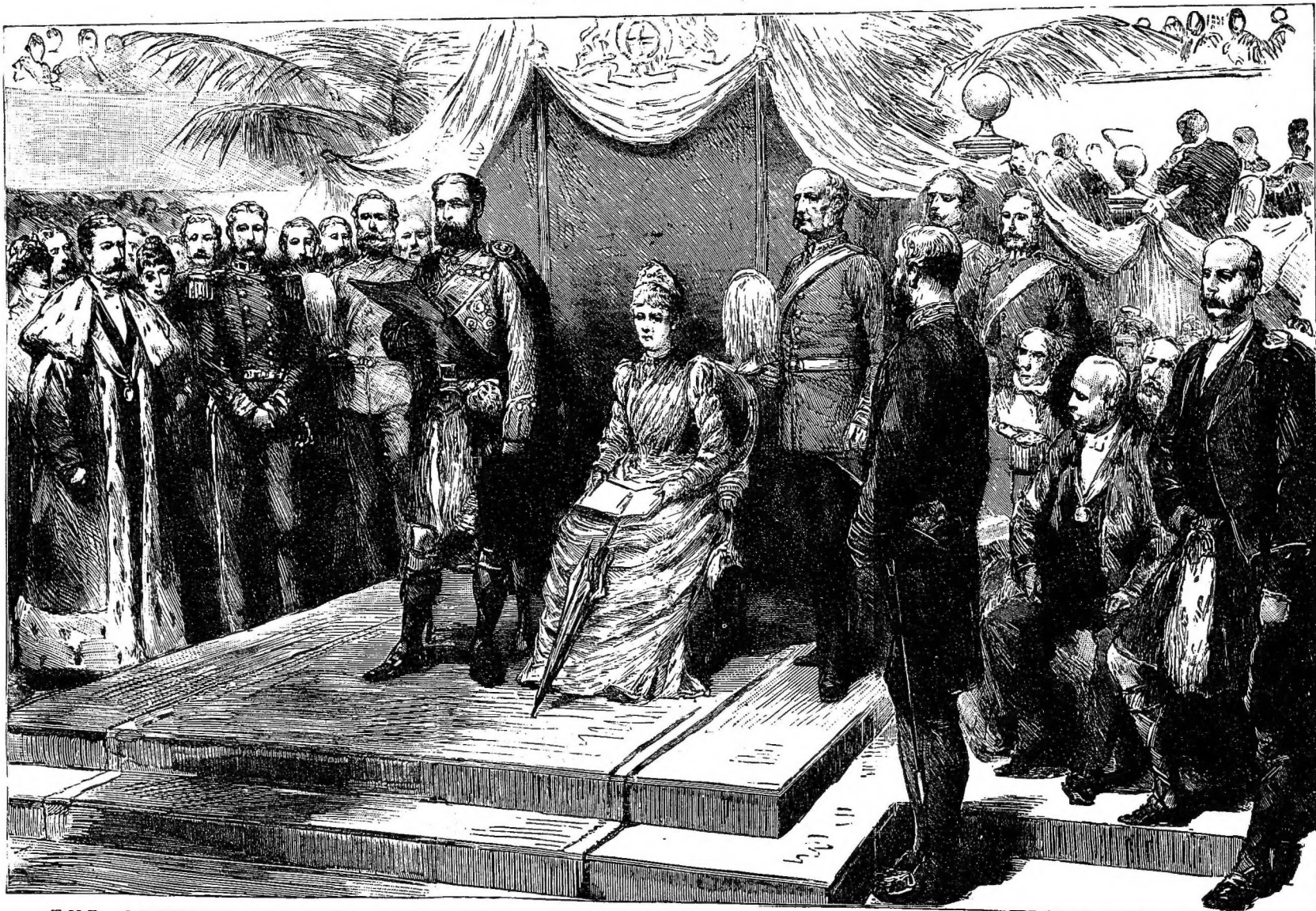


EMIN PASHA  
From a Photograph taken after his arrival at Zanzibar

of wood and glass. The *façade* over the chief entrance is decidedly effective, with its statues, shields, and Oriental towers, and its bright colouring of red, white, and green. There is a Grand Hall capable of seating 3,000 persons, and around it are the various courts for miscellaneous exhibits, British and foreign. There is a Fine Art collection, very creditable, considering that it was hastily got together. But undoubtedly the chief and the most attractive feature of the show is the display of electrical machinery and appliances. It is the most comprehensive and valuable collection of such apparatus ever yet brought together; all the most recent developments of electrical inventiveness as applied to lighting, signalling, locomotion, &c., are here brought into a focus; and the great hall in which these instruments are shown is the most striking structural feature of the Exhibition.

The show was opened on May 1st by the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. The weather was magnificent, the crowds were enthusiastic, and everything went off prosperously, save that some ingenious rascal managed to penetrate into the Royal apartments at the Balmoral Hotel, and thence walked off with some of the Duke's personal jewellery.

The ceremonies began with a banquet. Then the company proceeded to the Grand Hall, which was crowded with spectators. The Duke and Duchess took their places on a raised *dais*; the Lord Provost read an address of welcome; Mr. Lee Bapty, the General Manager of the Exhibition, presented copies of the catalogue; the Duke replied briefly; the eighth Psalm (music by Mr. Hamish McCunn, who conducted) was sung by the Choral Union; and the Duke declared the Exhibition open. A tour of the Show was afterwards made by the Royal party, who quitted the building at 3.40 P.M. It is interesting to note that the main entrance of the Exhibition was fastened with a gold bracelet and a pendent locket, bearing the city arms, and presented by Messrs. Chubb. A tiny gold key was handed to the Duke. He put it into the locket and unloosened the bracelet, whereupon the great doors flew open. This sounds like a tale from the "Thousand-and-One Nights."



THE OPENING OF THE EDINBURGH EXHIBITION BY H. R. H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH





THE MAY DAY FESTIVITIES AT ST. MARY CRAY, KENT



### CHRISTENING AT WINDSOR CASTLE

"MADAME LEROUX"

"TWIXT LOVE AND SPORT"

## PARIAH HUNTING

See page 536

"KING CHARLES THE SECOND DANCING"

ANTI-FRENCH MEETING AT ST. JOHN'S,  
NEWFOUNDLAND

"We have had public meetings here and in every town in the island protesting against the action of the British Government. On Wednesday last a big demonstration was organised, all places of business and shops were closed, and a procession with bands marched through the principal streets, finally halting in a piece of ground on the outskirts of the city known as Bannerman Park here. Between seven and eight thousand persons listened to speeches made proposing certain resolutions, which were carried unanimously."

THE ANGLO-SIAMESE COMMISSION

"ROSALIND"

HER MAJESTY'S JUDGES.—In our article last week on this subject, the authorship of "Stephen's Commentaries" was inadvertently ascribed to Mr. Justice Stephen. The scholarly works which entitle Sir James Fitzjames Stephen to be called the Blackstone of our time are "A History of the Criminal Law," "A Digest of the Criminal Law," and "A Digest of the Law of Evidence." The "Commentaries" are the work of Judge Stephen, a popular County Court Judge.

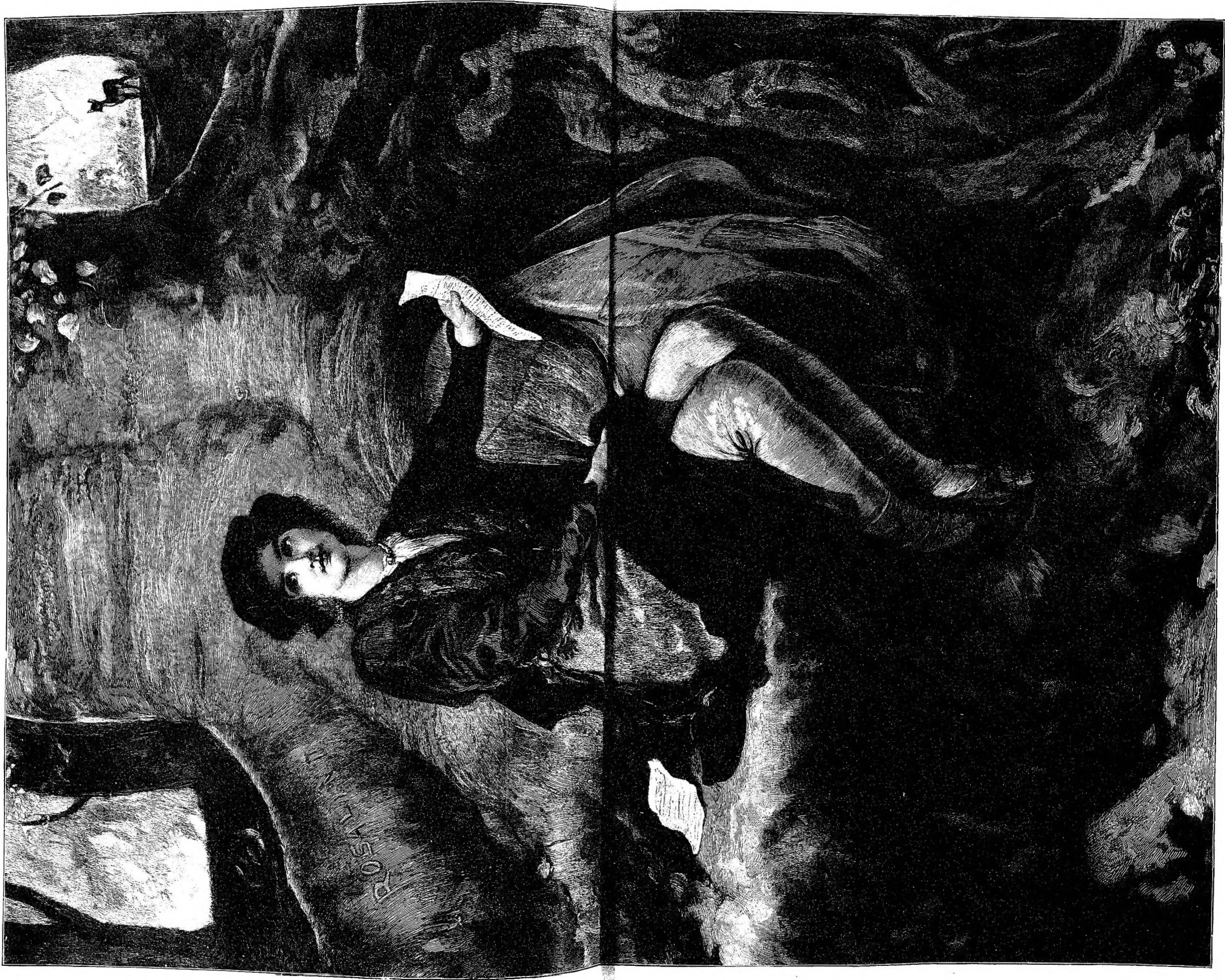


OUR OBITUARY includes the death of the Countess of Bessborough; of Diana, Lady Belcher, widow of the famous Arctic explorer, Admiral Sir Edward Belcher, and authoress of an interesting account of "The Mutineers of the *Bounty*," on which her stepfather had been a midshipman; of the Hon. Colman Macaulay, Acting Chief Secretary of the Bengal Government Financial Department, and known in this country for his exertions to establish commercial relations with Tibet; in his ninetieth year, of the Ven. Samuel M. Kyle, formerly Archdeacon of Cork; in his seventieth year, of Major-General Henry Woodbine Parish, who, after active



BOOKS ON COOKERY.—To judge by the endless variety of handbooks now published, no one, even of the most limited means, need be without a knowledge of this important subject. Thus for threepence one can buy "Cookery for Working Men's Wives" (Alex. Gardner), a work intended, and admirably suited, for those who finished their education too early to benefit by the cookery classes now so wisely insisted upon in our Board Schools. For a shilling "Anne Bowman's New Cookery Book" (Routledge) is procurable. It contains nearly 2,000 useful recipes. From John Heywood, Manchester, come "The Confectioner's Receipt Book," in which "Two Practical Workmen" give the results of their experience in a convenient form; and two rather more important works, "Domestic Cookery" and "Choice Cookery," by H. M. Young. The former is well suited for the everyday wants of a family, while the latter is intended for those who prefer more elaborate dishes. The recipes in both appear simple, and at the same time not extravagant. "English and French Cookery" (published at 123-125, Fleet Street) is the first volume of a new "Housekeeper Series," and is edited by Mr. Percy Lindley. It contains, among others, interesting chapters on "Commonsense Cookery" and "Food and Sound Digestion," and some especially sensible remarks upon "Tinned Goods and their Use." The last of our culinary batch is "Eggs, and Ways of Cooking Them" (W. and H. Allen and Co.). Here will be found 150 different recipes, comprising omelettes and soufflés in great variety, in addition to the commoner modes of serving eggs. Strange to say, however we have failed to find among the latter the method variously known as "scrambled," "buttered," "mumbled," or "brouillés."





“ ROSALIND ”

FROM THE PICTURE BY R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A., EXHIBITED IN “THE GRAPHIC” GALLERY OF SHAKESPEARE’S HEROINES  
“Alas the day! What shall I do with my doublet and hose?”—“As You Like It,” Act III, Scene 2.





## THE GROSVENOR GALLERY

THE present exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery is more interesting than its recent predecessors had led us to expect. There are a few figure compositions of great merit, and many good portraits, but it is in the landscapes, and pictures in which landscape forms an important part, that its strength chiefly lies. Occupying a central place in the west gallery is a large and impressive picture of a lioness stretched on the desert, with her cubs closely nestling to her side, by the light of early morning, called "Maternity," by Mr. J. M. Swan. The raised head of the beast, startled apparently by a distant sound, is instinct with vitality, and painted in excellent style. On one side of this hangs an admirable study of breaking waves, "Sand-Laden Surf," by Mr. H. Moore; and on the other one of the most luminous, and in every way one of the best, oil pictures that M. Aumonier has produced, "A Breezy Day." In Sir Coutts Lindsay's large "Vision of Endymion," the figure of Diana is gracefully designed, and the flying swans are excellent, but the attitude of Endymion is a little constrained, and his lower limbs are not of perfect form. Mr. Arthur Melville's "Audrey and Her Goats" is seen to most advantage from a distance. It is certainly not a good realisation of the subject, but the scheme of colour is excellent. The fiery red and orange tints in the forest trees, and the vividly green grass and the intense blue of the sky, are not true to nature, but all the separate local tints are of good quality, and most skilfully arranged with a view of producing a rich and harmonious decorative effect. Beside this hangs a bust portrait of "J. Campbell Noble," of the Royal Scottish Academy, by Mr. Pettie, a little harsh in colour, but admirable as a rendering of character, and painted in his most restrained and strongest style.

Mr. Orchardson's three-quarter length portrait of himself standing by his easel with palette and brushes in hand is also an excellent work. The pose of the figure is characteristic, and the head, which wears a thoughtful expression, distinctly individual and life-like. It is perhaps the best picture on a life-sized scale that Mr. Orchardson has produced, and will hold a high place among the autographic portraits of artists in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, where it will find a permanent home. Mr. W. Llewellyn's very demure little maiden in white satin, "Netta," and Mr. J. J. Shannon's full length of "Miss Cathleen Petty," are good examples of refined but thoroughly simple and unaffected childish portraiture. Mr. Stanhope Forbes has a very characteristic little picture of English rural life, representing "The Road from a Market Town," with a boy carefully leading a calf down the steep hill in the foreground, and heavily-laden villagers behind. The figures are all strikingly true to nature, but the prevailing colour is a little muddy and opaque. Mr. W. Estall's "Down by the Brook," and Mr. Mark Fisher's "Cows in Orchard" on the same wall are vividly suggestive of fresh atmosphere and daylight. These show very clearly the influence of French Art. So also do Mr. A. D. Peppercorn's Corot-like little "Cornfield," Mr. James Guthrie's very effective but rather coarsely handled "Pastoral," and Mr. H. Murman's low-toned and impressive "Evening Landscape." Mr. T. Austen Brown has an excellent little picture, "Bean Bining," somewhat resembling the work of Millet; and a very strong study of an agricultural labourer who has paused in his work to straighten his back and stretch his limbs, entitled "Tired."

Placed among the oil-pictures is a rather large water-colour by Mr. Frank Brangwyn, "The Weekly Dispatch," showing a party of sailors quietly discussing the news of the day in the garden of a tavern overlooking the sea. Unlike this, the painter's large oil picture of a water-logged ship, with splintered mast and shattered bulwarks, helplessly rolling in a stormy sea, entitled "Sail Ho!" is full of dramatic movement. The perilous nature of the position is clearly indicated in the excited energy of the sailors trying to attract the attention of a still distant ship. Both pictures show an intimate knowledge of seafaring life, and have a convincing appearance of reality. Mr. W. Dendy Sadler's skill in characterisation and expressive humour are seen in a picture of tired sportsmen of the last century preparing to enjoy their punch and pipes in the parlour of a village inn—"The First of September." The picture is full of carefully-considered detail, and is more harmonious in composition and colour, and more artistically complete, than any of his previous works. M. Hubert Vos's large "Room in a Brussels Almshouse," of which a pastel-drawing appeared at the Academy last year, is a very strong work, showing, together with stern, uncompromising realism, keen perception of character and great technical mastery.

## THE NEW GALLERY

THE Summer Exhibition at the gallery in Regent Street contains at least an average number of good works of moderate size, but the very large pictures with scarcely an exception are disappointing. Sir John Millais' large and extremely accurate study of leafless trees and tangled underwood, "Dew-Drenched Furze," is of a fragmentary kind, and has not the united and pictorial completeness that distinguishes his landscape at the Academy.—Mr. C. N. Kennedy's "Perseus," hanging at the opposite end of the gallery, is not nearly so good as the "Neptune" that he exhibited here last year. The Andromeda, whom he has depicted lying on a shelf of rock with her arms round the neck of her deliverer, has great beauty of form, but the two figures are arranged without any regard to harmony of line, and that of Perseus, who stands in an ungainly attitude with the Medusa's head hanging from his hand, is of a very commonplace type.—Mr. W. B. Richmond's very large "Epipsychidion," in which a golden-haired maiden in flowing drapery, a swarthy man—with an abnormally small head—and a lion and lioness are grouped together in an apparently purposeless way, has neither the strength of style nor the decorative harmony of effect generally to be seen in his works of the kind.

Mr. Alma Tadema has sent his best work to the Academy, but his two little pictures of antique life, "Eloquent Silence" and "The Rose Garden," are marked by his accustomed completeness and classic grace; and his very small full length "Portrait of Miss MacWhirter" is a work of great beauty and refinement. Mr. G. H. Boughton has a charming little picture of a young lady of the seventeenth century curiously trying the strength of the ice before crossing the brook, "Winter in Brabant." The pose of the figure is spontaneous and graceful, and all the varied delicate tints in the picturesque costume and in the snowy landscape are most artistically combined. In his large picture "Leaving Home" Mr. H. H. La Thangue has depicted an every-day incident of rural life with realistic force. The girl seated in a carrier's cart with her hand-bag in her lap is not very interesting, but the father and mother standing on the bank are true types of character, simple and unaffected in their movements. The fore-shortened horse is extremely well drawn, and the handling throughout broad, firm, and dexterous. The artist, however, might advantageously have infused a little more human interest into the work. On the same wall hangs a very characteristic picture of humble Venetian life, "La Sagra—a Popular Feast," by C. Van Haanen, true in local colour and full of vivacity and movement. Mr. Albert Moore has a small study of

"A Young Girl," remarkable for its fine quality and decorative arrangement of colour as well as for the admirable modelling of the lovely face. We have seen nothing by Mr. E. A. Waterlow better than or so good as his pastoral scene, "The Night Before Shearing." The clear, cold glow from the lantern of the shepherd who is closing the fold is most truthfully rendered. The picture is in perfect keeping as a whole, and conveys a sense of profound silence and repose. Among other excellent landscapes of moderate size are Mr. A. W. Hunt's "Windsor Castle" by misty evening light, Mr. J. W. Buxton Knight's bright and breezy "All on a Summer's Day," and "A Perthshire Pastoral," glowing with rich and finely modulated autumnal tints, by Mr. Alfred East.

ART NOTES.—From Messrs. Gladwell Brothers we have received an interesting etching by Mr. Henry Charles Fox, of Stratford-on-Avon, showing Shakespeare's Church as seen amid the trees across the river in the early autumn. The varying effects of foliage, cloud, and water are well and firmly rendered, and there is a peacefulness about the whole composition well in keeping with the subject. The early proofs, of which only 200 are issued, carry in the margin portraits of Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry; a sketch of the Shakespeare fountain, recently erected at Stratford by Mr. Henry Child of Philadelphia, with a portrait of its donor; and also a portrait of the Bard himself.—Mr. John Smart, R.S.A., has just completed a charming set of water-colour drawings illustrative of the most famous of the Scottish Golfing venues. The series consists of twenty sketches, all finished with great care and truth. Mr. Smart purposes reproducing these pleasant landscapes in the form of etchings, and publishing them in a volume, which should be very popular among Scotch golfers.—Very much up to date is the first part of "Royal Academy Pictures, 1890" (to be completed in three numbers), issued as a supplement to *The Magazine of Art*. Some thirty or forty of the principal pictures and statues in this year's exhibition are here reproduced by means of "process."—Mr. Edward H. Fahey, R.I., has returned from the Riviera, and is showing his winter's work at his Studio, 28, Dawson Place, Pembroke Square, every afternoon, between four and six o'clock, from May 10th to the 25th inclusive.



THE Irish Land Purchase Bill having passed its second-reading, being carried by a majority of 80 in a House of 616 members, the way was cleared for other business. The first place has been given by the Government to the Allotments Bill, which has been pressed forward at successive morning sittings without making substantial progress. At the outset there arose a question of Parliamentary Procedure. It seemed that, before this Session opened, the fullest resources of determined opposition had been exhausted. But this year gentlemen on the Opposition Benches have hit upon a new contrivance. When a Bill has been introduced, and, after whatsoever long debate, read a second time, the House would, in ordinary circumstances, forthwith resolve itself into Committee to consider the clauses. But Parliamentary Procedure includes the privilege of raising a further debate by moving an Instruction to the Committee, empowering them to take such and such a course on a particular detail. This is a process which, up to the present Session, has been little resorted to. Now it has blossomed like a rose, and all the important Government measures are bombarded with Instructions on going into Committee. A multitude are being prepared for the Land Purchase Bill; progress with the Electoral Disabilities Bill is barred in the same way; and, when the Government proposed to take the Allotments Bill in Committee, they found the roadway barricaded.

Mr. Ritchie proposed to deal with this novel form of obstruction by a new device. He placed on the paper a resolution briefly declaring that it was not desirable to move any Instruction designed to widen the scope of the Bill. Had this been carried, the paper would have been swept clear of Instructions, and the House could have got to business. But Sir William Harcourt, shocked at this attempt to interfere with freedom of discussion, called the Speaker's attention to the matter, and asked, "Was it in order?" The Speaker judiciously refrained from giving a ruling on the matter, suggesting that the disputants should talk the matter over. This course was adopted, with the result that, whilst Mr. Ritchie's amendment was not moved, a long procession of Instructions disappeared from the paper; and when, on Tuesday, the subject was again approached, the House forthwith got into Committee. After a long sitting, it did not get further than the second clause. It is evident that at least a section of the Opposition have made up their mind that public business shall not advance at a dangerous pace.

The most lively and interesting debate in a decidedly dull week arose on the unpromising subject of the Disestablishment of the Scotch Church. This came before the House in the form of a motion by Dr. Cameron, affirming the desirability of disestablishing and disendowing the Church of Scotland. It was known that Mr. Gladstone intended to take part in the debate, and the House became crowded by members anxious to see how the right honourable gentleman would comport himself at this new crisis. Up to a very recent date he has observed a cautious attitude towards this question. As Lord Hartington mentioned later in the debate, he has sheltered himself behind a happy phrase uttered by the noble lord a dozen years ago. At that time Lord Hartington, being heckled on the subject, oracularly declared that it was one for the Scotch people themselves to decide, and that he was prepared to follow their lead whichever direction it might take. Mr. Gladstone was charmed with this adroit fencing with a question of inherent difficulty. Many a time and oft has he emphatically declared that, like his esteemed and noble friend, he was waiting, on Providence and the people of Scotland to see which way the cat jumped.

Now Mr. Gladstone has made up his mind. A movement had, he believed, steadily been taking place in favour of Disestablishment. The bye-elections, which prove so many things, spoke with unmistakable voice on this question. Of fourteen elections that have taken place in Scotland since 1886, in only three instances were members returned pledged to vote against Disestablishment, whilst eleven were distinctly returned on the Disestablishment platform. Here was unmistakably a majority, and with the majority Mr. Gladstone, amid loud cheers from the Opposition, threw in his lot.

Lord Hartington was an attentive listener to this speech, and the interest of the House was quickened when, Mr. Gladstone having resumed his seat, Lord Hartington rose from his side. Perhaps never has the noble lord spoken with more vivacity, or with fuller flashes of unsuspected humour. The crowded House particularly enjoyed his references to the time when he was, as he slyly put it, "nominally Leader of the Liberal Party." How nominal was the Leadership will not be forgotten by those who sat through the Parliament of 1874, when Lord Hartington, contrary to his own inclination, and in obedience to the call of duty, accepted the position tempestuously vacated by Mr. Gladstone. In making this speech of Friday night he stood between two right hon. friends who had greatly troubled his existence in those far-off days. On his left hand was Mr. Chamberlain, who, during the Parliament

of 1874, sat below the gangway, a private member prone to gird at all authority, and who once in a memorable scene alluded to Lord Hartington as "late the Leader of the Liberal party." On the other side was Mr. Gladstone, who, though he had in 1875 formally abdicated his place in the party, was constantly turning up, upsetting all arrangements, and frustrating Lord Hartington's efforts to keep the party together.

Lord Hartington was evidently thinking of these times as he, with unusual twinkling of the eye, alluded to the epoch when Mr. Gladstone, sometimes hard to lead, had been his most docile follower in the adoption of this convenient formula for Liberal statesmen dealing with the delicate question of Scotch Disestablishment. Though Mr. Gladstone had now made up his mind that Scotch Disestablishment was a safe card to play, Lord Hartington was not able to discover in the drift of opinion in Scotland any warrant for taking the new departure. With a cynicism that was as unusual as were his humorous references to Mr. Gladstone's versatility Lord Hartington, amid ironical cheering from the Opposition, declared that he did not assume to possess the slightest superficial knowledge on the subject, though he would vote against the amendment, which he did, Mr. Chamberlain walking out into the other lobby, voting with the minority of 218 who supported the amendment against 256 who succeeded in negating it.

Dropping the Allotments Bill after the fragmentary progress made on Tuesday, the House on Thursday took up the Budget Bill. The second reading stage had been agreed to on Monday after a desultory conversation, which at one time displayed so little vigour that an attempt was made to bring it to a conclusion by a count out. But when, towards midnight, the prospect drew near of passing this stage, the Opposition revived, and was checked only by the imposition of the Closure, the application of which called forth a howl of angry indignation, from members who had not been present through the dull evening. In these days it comes to pass that there are actually two Budget Bills. It was the Imperial Budget scheme, under the title "Customs and Inland Revenue Bill," that occupied the House on Monday and Thursday. On Monday next will come up the second portion, which, under the nomenclature "Local Taxation (Customs and Excise) Bill," deals with the apportionment of funds allotted for local purposes, to be disbursed by the County Councils. It also includes the principle of compensation for confiscated liquor licenses, and opens up a vista of angry controversy which will probably keep the House going till Whitsuntide.

THE COLLEGE FOR WORKING WOMEN continues its unobtrusive but useful work. During the last (sixteenth) session 390 students attended, including artificial flower-makers, book-keepers, needlewomen of all kinds, domestic servants, and shopwomen. In connection with the College there are a holiday fund, a penny bank, an ambulance class, and a lending library; and at least once a month on Saturday nights either a lecture or entertainment is given. The revenue of the College is mainly derived from voluntary contributions. No lack of funds, it is hoped, will be allowed to interfere with the successful carrying out of the excellent work of making brighter, happier, and more useful the few spare hours of the girls whose life is largely spent in the workroom or the shop.

PERFORMING BEARS have been brought into notice rather frequently in England during the last few weeks, and Buin's representations before the Queen in Windsor Park and at the Castle may render his antics a fashionable amusement. When out driving on Saturday with Prince Albert Victor, Her Majesty noticed two foreigners and a big brown bear resting under the trees in the Park. The Queen stopped the carriage, and requested the men to show off the bear, which danced and went through various performances, much to the amusement of the Royal spectators. Her Majesty accordingly arranged for the bear and its companions to be shown to the Royal children. Queen Victoria has only imitated in a humane manner the practice of Queen Elizabeth, who was much addicted to witnessing bear-fights.

AN ADVENTUROUS JOURNEY THROUGH TIBET has been accomplished by an English traveller, who managed to penetrate into unknown regions, where explorers like Colonel Prejevalsky and Count Szechenyi had failed. The agents of the Lamas were lying in wait to kill him, but Mr. Rockhill outwitted his pursuers, and travelled safely between Silifu and Tatsienlu, through the province of Derge, reaching the very centre of Tibet. The explorer mapped out the route, and found that the district teemed with musk, gold, hides, wool, and rhubarb, while in return the Tibetans were eager for red, green, yellow, and brown linens, Indian flowered calicoes, and all kinds of bazaar curiosities. He traversed immense steppes without escort or suitable supplies, sleeping in the open air with his few servants, and living on "tsamba"—a compound of roast barley and rancid butter.

ITALY IS PREPARING to fête her latest African hero in Captain Casati, the companion of Emin Pasha, who is now on his way home. Captain Casati is well and lively after his many hardships, but his hair and beard are snow-white. He brings home seven natives from different Central African tribes, his favourite of all being a little girl of four years old, whose father, a Soudanese soldier, died on the way from Wadelai to Zanzibar. Captain Casati much admires British enterprise and operations on the East African coast, but does not think so well of German colonisation. He is patriotically anxious that Italy should share some of the spoils of East Africa, and considers that she would thus preserve the balance between England and Germany. Such opinions about Germany do not accord with the rumour that the captain has agreed to enter the German service in Africa.

A WIFE WAS SOLD FOR A SHILLING recently by a German workman in Silesia, though the loving husband stipulated that she was to return to him in two years. A year after the bargain was struck, the workman summoned the purchaser to pay 15s. for the set of false teeth which his wife was wearing, and which he had forgotten to include in the contract. Her purchaser objected, and called in the police, who formally sanctioned the original bargain, and disallowed the first husband's claim. After such arrangements among the enlightened Germans, it is not surprising to find a Chinaman resident in the United States gravely advertising in a Connecticut journal:—"Chu Tong would like to marry nice Melican lady. She no have to work, as Chu Tong got big lot of money. Chu Tong will do the washee and the cookee; wife she can dress up every day. Price 24 for best girl."

A FRESH ROOM IN HAMPTON COURT PALACE has been opened to the public—a most interesting apartment known as Wolsey's private chapel or oratory. It leads out of the Mantegna Gallery, and corresponds in design with the Tudor portion of the Palace, the walls being panelled in oak to a height of seven feet. Above the panelling, occupying three sides of the room, are a series of sacred oil paintings, which have been restored under Sir J. C. Robinson's supervision. They represent "The Last Supper," "The Betrayal," "The Procession to Calvary," and "The Resurrection." The ceiling is decorated in a beautiful geometrical design, and the Cardinal's motto, *Dominus mihi adiutor*, appears on the frieze. Among the devices are various Tudor emblems, especially the rose, together with the Prince of Wales's feathers and motto, *Ich Dien*, and competent authorities conclude accordingly that the room was built during the period when Edward VI. was Prince of Wales. Of late years this room was used as a butler's pantry, belonging to a set of private apartments.



THE GRAPHIC

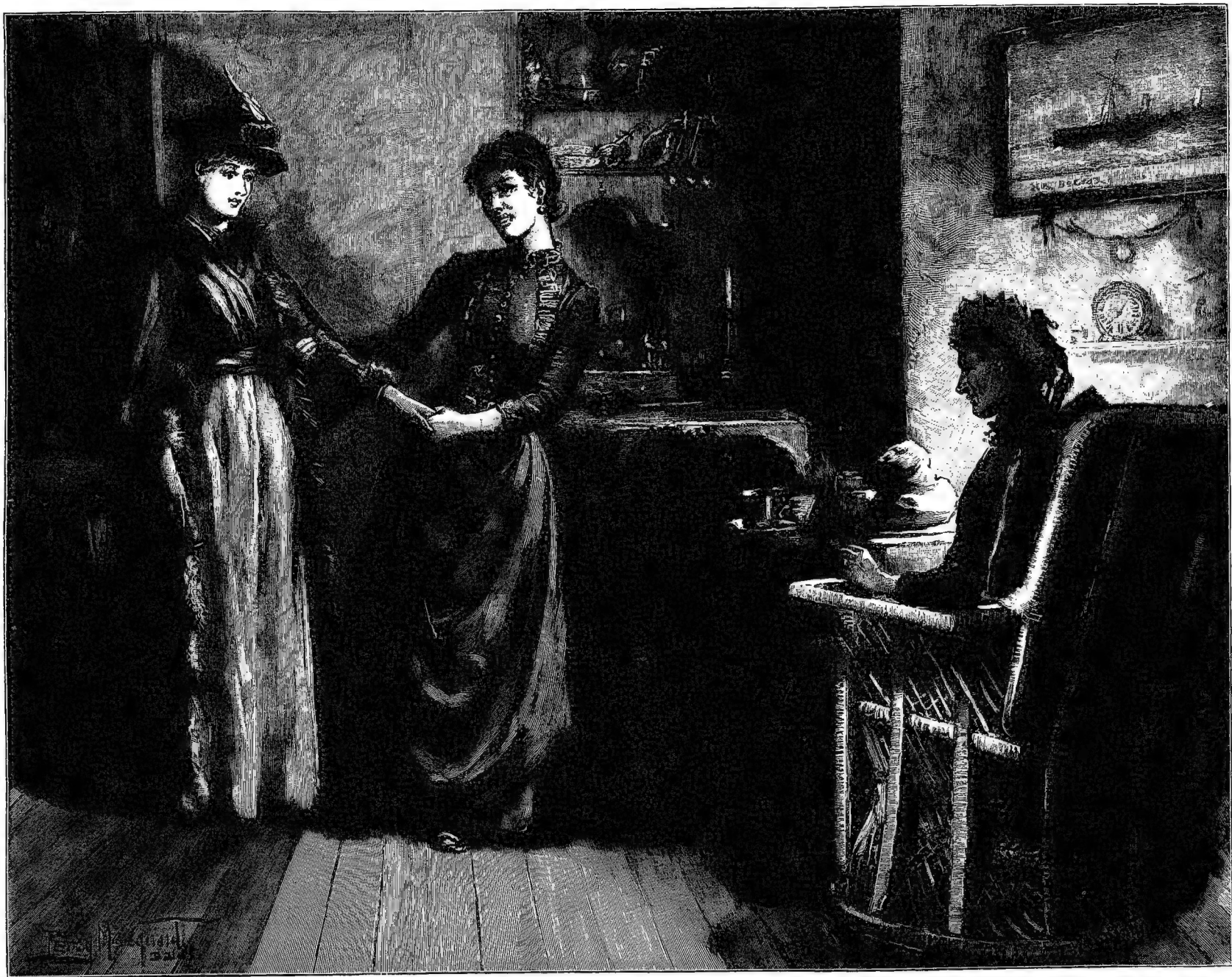


BLESSING A RAILWAY IN SPAIN  
OPENING OF THE AGUILAS BRANCH OF THE GREAT SOUTHERN OF SPAIN RAILWAY



THE CHRISTENING AT WINDSOR  
THE QUEEN STANDING SPONSOR TO THE INFANT DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF PORTLAND





DRAWN BY PERCY MACQUOID

And Peggy in her eagerness almost pulled Lucy into the room.

## "MADAME LEROUX"

"Too early seen unknown, and known too late."—ROMEO AND JULIET.

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLES," "AMONG ALIENS," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE," &c.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

CAROLINE LEROUX debated long and anxiously within herself as to how she should approach Rushmere.

Had he been in town, she could have found, or made, opportunities of meeting him. She would have preferred that this meeting should appear to come about by chance. But the chance seemed remote. And the more she meditated, the stronger grew her desire to see him again—to test her power; to win back some part of her old empire over him.

She did not desire, nor expect, to resuscitate the passion of their youth. That lay in ashes. But she did desire to use some influence over this man, and to assure herself of the possibility of help from him; feeling that the need of help approached more surely day by day.

Her memory of Rushmere's nature taught her that the chord to touch in him was generosity. She would win compassion from his chivalry, though tenderness might be dead. And then admiration would come back. Caroline intended to be pitied admiringly. There should be no condescension in the feeling she would inspire.

She had lost little of her beauty; and she had gained in self-possession, in insight into the character and motives of others. She was more brilliant, more attractive, better able to charm the intellect and sway the feelings of such a man as Ralph Rushmere, than she had been when he knew her years ago, as an impulsive, inexperienced girl.

Love, indeed—that was different! But love did not enter into the thought of her future relations with Rushmere. If love were recalled at all between them, it must be only as the faint perfume of dried rose-leaves suggests the fresh-blown rose—a perfume that could not be, unless the rose were dead.

She had no doubt of her power to be supremely interesting to him. She was not, she told herself, one of those dull women whose vanity blinds them to the vanity of others. She would use Rushmere's self-esteem, not stupidly ignore it. He could not be drawn by vulgar, childish flattery, such as would succeed with Frampton Fennell or Harrington Jersey. But, nevertheless, there must be, she did not doubt, some sort of flattery which would be sweet to him—perhaps the flattery of assuming that he despised flattery!

It was inevitable that she should think of him only in relation to herself; all her cleverness could not prevent her from attributing to herself an exaggerated importance in his life. Only the higher wisdom, in which sympathy overpowers egoism, can save us from such errors.

After much inward debate, which took the form of a series of imaginary interviews, in which she and Rushmere played now one part and now another, she resolved to write to him. She procured from Zephany the address of Rushmere's London bankers, who would forward letters to him; and this is what she wrote:—

"I am Caroline Graham.

"I begin thus to secure your attention, and because the signature at the end of this letter would otherwise be meaningless to you.

"I have learnt accidentally that you are in England. For a long time I thought you were dead; the report came from India that you had been disabled by a severe accident, which was expected to terminate fatally.

"Something like a thick, chill curtain of fog seemed to hide all your life from me when I tried to picture it in the present. I did try, but my imagination of you could live only in the past; the rest was blank. Had I done the best for you, after all? Since you were destined to die in your youth, had we not better have snatched that present happiness which seemed within our reach? It was not within our reach—it never had been. In my heart I always knew that; and you, too, must see it now. But I was very young still, and I suffered bitterly.

"Well, I have survived it, and my life has not been all miserable. I only tell you these things, as briefly and baldly as I can, so as to link what I have to say now on to that past time. What I have to say now is this—Will you come and see me?

"I heard your name mentioned by chance the other day, and the sound seemed to pierce me; and yet afterwards I rejoiced. I rejoiced to know that you were still on this planet; that you were in England; that the world had gone well with you. And part of my rejoicing—you know I never loved pretences—arose from the selfish satisfaction of feeling that I was justified—I had done right, then! That much, at least, was clear. The romantic young love must, in any case, have burnt itself out; but I had saved it from making a bonfire of all other good things in life.

"Friendship is—not better; a peach is more delicious than wheaten bread, but one cannot live on peaches. But friendship is dear. And friendships are no more all alike than faces are. Ours should have a tenderness in it beyond the common. Do you believe that 'a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things?' No; that remembrance of happier things alone makes some sorrows endurable.

"But I would not have you suppose that I have become a weakly wailing, feebly sentimental, woman. I am the Caroline of old in some respects; chiefly, perhaps, in this: that if I am struck sharply,

fire glances out, not tears. The tears, if they come, flow from a deeper spring, and—mostly—underground."

"Will you come to me? I tell you frankly that I wish it very much."

"CAROLINE G. LEROUX."

"Within a week," she thought, "I shall have an answer. Perhaps the answer will be his coming himself!"

From the moment of despatching her letter, she was possessed with a nervous anxiety as to the answer. She started at every knock at the door, and her hand trembled when she received her correspondence from the servant every morning. She was astonished at herself. Her cynical, careless self-possession seemed to have deserted her. Her days were haunted by the ghost of her youth. She, who had despised vain regrets, and had boasted to Zephany that she was not the woman to bewail the past in a litany of "if's," now found herself musing by the hour on what might have been!

Etienne Leroux was sinking fast. Rapid consumption had declared itself. And this illness was a constant claim on her, to which it was not always possible to respond. As it was, she felt the business of the school slipping from her grasp. She was less there than she ought to have been; and when attempting to perform her duties, would be seized with fits of absence and inattention which it was impossible wholly to conceal from the quick eyes around her. Fraulein Schulze was staunch and steady, but Fraulein Schulze could not replace Madame.

Madame was conscious of her own supremacy, and enjoyed it. For years she had felt something of the pleasure of a consummate actress in playing her part in the school. But now it was all wearisome—a heavy burthen which irked her.

The clutch of a dying hand had seized her with an egoism more fierce and more intense than her own. There was no affection in its eager clinging, but it wrung her heart with an aching pity. Etienne had no one but her to look to; no one!

And yet there had been another helpless life once, with a higher claim on her, which she had shaken off with small compunction. Caroline Leroux had been hard, and false, and cruel to those who merited nothing but good at her hands. This wretched Etienne was a poorer, narrower, lower creature than she was; he clung to her, and she pitied him. Between two unequal natures, toleration, compassion, beneficence—if they exist at all—will flow from the higher to the lower, and not otherwise. And, partly, Etienne's frank, unscrupulous, stupid selfishness conquered hers, as it had done in the early days of their marriage.

She supplied him liberally with money, of which he was wantonly lavish; but that was the easiest part of her task. It was not



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judged prudent to remove him from his lodgings in Soho, nor did he desire it. He had never expressed a wish to go away, except once, when, during a whole week, he had moaned to be taken to Naples. Let them carry him to Naples! If he could reach Naples, he should be able to breathe freely; he should recover. It was noticeable that he never spoke of Paris, of his father, or his family there. Old Jacopo Rossi was still living, a vigorous man of seventy; and there were sisters, too, married in France. But he mentioned none of them.

Caroline had written to his father, telling him of Etienne's state, and the old man had answered her. What could he do? he asked. Etienne had gone his own way, and lived his own life. Jacopo had no assistance to give him. He should rather have expected assistance from his son. Nevertheless, if Etienne wished to see him, and Madame would forward the railway fare, Jacopo Rossi would come to England. But Etienne did not wish to see him. He revolted against any hint that his life was menaced, and repelled the suggestion of his father's visit with anger.

Every day, and sometimes twice a day, Caroline went to the old house in a dark narrow street, where her husband lay dying, surely—but oh, how slowly! It might last for many months yet, this waning of a vitality which flickered up now and again, filing the dying man with false hopes, and a fictitious, momentary strength. His room was abundantly decorated with flowers; food and wine of the choicest were supplied to him; and, for the rest, whatever could be done, was done. He was faithfully waited on by old Jeanne Montondon; and her son came in to look after him whenever he could spare time from his business at the eating-house. Books were utterly distasteful to him. His sole amusements consisted in an occasional game of dominoes with some shabby fellow-countryman, who submitted to be snarled and sworn at for the sake of the glass of good wine which Etienne was able to dispense to his visitors; and in the conversation of some underling at the Italian Opera, who would retail to him the latest greenroom gossip, and listen to the vaunting narrative—interrupted by racking fits of coughing—of his own successes when, *per Dio!* his voice and style had been unmatched in Europe.

While Caroline remained with him, he was usually tranquil. But as the moment of her departure approached he became restlessly irritable; and either insisted, with feeble fury, that she should stay, or implored it with fretful moans and reproaches. Daily she had to endure this painful parting scene. Consideration for her—self-restraint for her sake—were no more to be expected from Etienne than from a sick tiger.

All this told upon her health, fine though it was. She watched herself anxiously in the glass, and fancied she saw her cheek grow hollow, and lines come across her forehead. Sometimes she resolved to give herself a respite from those dreadful visits to Soho; and yet the next summons from Etienne was at once complied with. If she refused to go, his querulous voice rang in her ears, and she saw the haggard entreaty in his large dark eyes—those eyes which had once so charmed her, but behind whose soft lustre, as she had learned to know, there dwelt a nature harder than the nether millstone.

This double life had been going on for some two months, when Madame Leroux wrote to Rushmere. And now her thoughts were busy, night and day, with the expectation of his answer. Almost as Etienne clung to her, so she seemed to cling to Rushmere. She was greedy to have admiration, influence, companionship once more. And she yearned for a strong arm to lean on—a faithful heart to take counsel with. She could not strike down the dying hand that clutched her; but sometimes she felt, in these days, as if its touch were draining away her life.

At length it came, the expected letter. She recognised it at once. She could have picked it out from a thousand. It was written on blue-tinted office paper, in the round, boyish hand she knew; only somewhat closer and more cramped than in the old time.

She flew upstairs to her own room, with a step as swift and light as that of the youngest schoolgirl in the house. She locked her door, drew her easy-chair close to the window, and tore open the envelope. But then, before beginning to read, she paused a moment with her hand pressed on her heart.

"How it beats!" she whispered. "*Dieu!* I am losing my nerve altogether! I used to think it impossible that my courage could ever break down. And it was not for want of being tried, either!"

Then she unfolded the letter, and read:—

"I do not see what good end could be answered by our meeting. At first I thought I would not answer your letter. But as you are under much misapprehension about me, I have resolved to state my view of the case plainly, and save you from further attempts to delude me, or yourself. You have written what you think I believe, or what you wish me to believe. I will tell you what I know.

"You say events have justified your conduct. Nothing can justify it so long as right and wrong and dark and light can be distinguished one from the other.

"I loved you with all my heart and soul. I loved you so that to lose you nearly broke my heart. When I was forced to join my corps in India I urged you to come with me. You refused. You gave reasons which seemed good and prudent. I acquiesced. I would send for you as soon as I knew precisely what my plans and prospects were. I wrote to you within a fortnight of my arrival in India, and I sent you my uncle's letter. He was displeased at my intention of marrying you—foolishly and unreasonably displeased, because his only ground of displeasure was that you were a penniless dependent. He gave me my choice between inheriting his wealth and giving you up, or marrying you and having a hundred a year settled on me at once with no hope of future assistance from him. I did not balance an instant. There was no merit in that. Apart from my love, with the tie there was between us, I should have been a cold, selfish villain to hesitate. What was poverty, what was struggle, if we could be together? And I had the less self-reproach in asking you to share my life, because I should be taking you from a home where—you had told me so a hundred times—your proud spirit was constantly chafed and hurt.

"I wrote to you with a heart as full of love and truth and trust as man ever offered to woman, and how did you answer me?

"You 'felt that we had been led away by foolish passion;' you 'must be wise for both;' such poverty as we had to face was 'the worst sort of poverty, a wretched struggle to keep up appearances.' In short, you were admirably prudent, wonderfully wise!

"Still I did not disbelieve in your affection for me even then. How could I disbelieve in it? I thought you were romantically and mistakenly sacrificing yourself to what you thought my worldly welfare. I wrote again and again. I offered to leave the army, and to emigrate to Australia, where I had friends who would help me to find employment. We should have wherewithal to live until I could earn a fortune for you. Have you forgotten all that I said? Perhaps; but I remember every word of it. I, you see, was in earnest.

"At length my impatience tired you. I received my last letter back again. You had written on it 'This must cease.'

"At first I was bewildered—almost stunned—but a light was soon shed on your motive for treating me so.

"A man arrived from England who knew Lord Grimstock's family. When he found that I knew them also, he told me that they were in great trouble because the second son, Hubert Gaunt, was bent on marrying a little girl who was his sister's *protégée* and paid companion. The girl was desperately fond of him, and Lady Grimstock, one of the proudest women in England, was almost

beside herself. The matter was spoken of half-jestingly, as a piece of idle gossip.

"But to me it was a revelation. I was shaken roughly and thoroughly out of my fool's paradise. A hundred circumstances which had seemed strange and unaccountable to me when I was in England were explained in one flash. All your love for me, in England were explained in one flash. All your love for me, your protestations, your caresses, had been,—Well, I did not mean to touch upon your feelings. You might plead and persuade, and argue about them. But facts are too strong for you. My letter sent back with those cruel words written across it—my letter is a fact. I have not looked at it again from the day it reached me. It would be like rousing up a venomous snake to sting me. But I have it. It cannot be explained away.

"For a long time I was almost mad with misery. When the accident happened which disabled me, I hoped it would kill me; But I lived. And the far deeper wound you gave me, healed too; but not so quickly.

"I made up my mind to write to you fully and plainly, once for all: not from cruelty—I do not wish to hurt you (if any words of mine could hurt you)—but to convince you that you cannot deceive or cajole me any more. I had heard of you as being brilliant, admired, and among the gayest of the gay, when I little guessed who was the woman so described.

"For the sake of the lost love of my youth, my Caroline, whose name you bear—you were never that dear girl I would have died for—I am glad to know that you are not in poverty.

"Knowing this makes it easier to say that I will never willingly see you again.

"RALPH RUSHMERE."

Caroline lay back in her chair in a sort of stupor; but a stupor in which suffering was active, although the power of thought seemed steeped in a helpless lethargy. Every fibre of her vanity and proud self-confidence quivered like a bruised surface roughly handled, as certain passages in Rushmere's letter repeated themselves over and over again in her brain.

The sense of repulse was sickening. But it was not defeat. It should not be defeat!

As she began to recover from the first shock, the most distinct sensation in her mind was a passionate desire to vanquish him. He would never willingly see her more? Then he should see her unwillingly. She would make him sue to her. She would bring him to her at any cost. He might reproach her, rage against her, hate her—no matter! Anything would be better than beating herself against this hard indifference, this frozen contempt.

"Oh!" she cried, starting up and pressing her hands against her temples, as she began to pace up and down the room, "that he should write so to me—to me!" She tore and twisted at the handkerchief in her hand, in a paroxysm of passionate resentment. "But if he has made me suffer, he shall suffer more."

At that moment she was wholly possessed by the burning desire to conquer Rushmere's resolution to avoid her. Let him but come—let him but see her, and hear her voice again, he should not long maintain that calm, superior attitude of steadfast disapproval!

She rushed to her writing-desk, and wrote:—

"You must speak with me—if not as a friend, then as an enemy: what you will. But I have something to tell you that you must hear—something that concerns not only you and me, but another. I am tied here by attendance on a sick and dying man, or I would go to you wherever you might choose to appoint. You will not, I presume, doubt that what I have to say is urgent, since, in order to say it, I force my unwelcome presence on you. In the catalogue of my basenesses which you treasure in your memory, there cannot, at least, be included a servile readiness to fawn upon the hand that lashes me.—C. G. L."

Later on in the same day she wrote another letter, and desired that the reply should be addressed, under cover, to "Monsieur Louis Montondon, Restaurant du Mont Blanc, Soho."

She had not committed herself to anything, she reflected, by writing that letter. But she would gather up the scattered strands of her history, so as to hold them in her own hand, and have power to guide events as she might hereafter see fit. If she trembled inwardly as to the result of this return upon her past, no one would know it; and at least it would give her a hold upon Rushmere which he would not find it easy to shake off.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE collapse of "Millamint" was disastrous and complete. Whether any large sums could ever have been realised by the original promoters of the Company was doubtful. But Mr. Clampitt's defection had, at any rate, destroyed all chance of that.

As to the Hawkins's, although they bemoaned themselves loudly, and inveighed against Clampitt, their case did not appear to any of their friends to be one which called for deep compassion. To most persons who knew them, the ebbing of the tide after high water did not appear more certain than the overthrow, sooner or later, of all Adolphus's speculations.

Nor, in fact, were the Hawkins's themselves by any means in such low spirits as their utterances might seem to indicate. They had but to strike their tents like the gypsies, and remove to some new camping-ground where the neighbouring hen-houses might perhaps be better stocked, or worse guarded; and where, at all events, they might reckon on baked hedgehog, and free pasturage in some one else's meadow for the ponies of the caravan.

Lucy remarked with amazement that Mrs. Hawkins wore the same indescribable air of enjoying herself which she had observed in Fatima when she first announced the news.

"Well, Miss Smith, what did I tell you?" said Marie, coming downstairs with a cardboard box full of jewels in her hand. "I knew Adolphe was too sanguine all along. If he had but invested my *dot* in Government securities, or secured it to me by means of trustees, I should now be in a very different position."

"But Uncle Adolphe would have been all right if it had not been for that wretch Clampitt! It's all *his* fault," cried Fatima, folding her arms tragically.

"Oh, *pour ça—oui!* Le vieux Clampitt is an imbecile. And, fancy, Fatima, Adolphe has left his silver cigar-case behind him after all! I reminded him to put it in the pocket of his *paletôt*. But he was so upset that he thought of nothing."

Lucy could not but gather some hope from the serenity of Mrs. Hawkins's face and manner. Things could not, surely, have come to such an extremity as that Mrs. Hawkins would be obliged to fly from her home! The question was a burning one for Lucy. If Mrs. Hawkins and Fatima went away, what was to become of her? She had still some pounds of the money refunded by Madame Leroux, and there was the pittance she earned, enough to give her friends in the wide world of London, went away?

When she spoke to Fatima she found that the subject had already been discussed in her absence.

"Marie spoke to Zephany," said Fatima. "And he said he would make some inquiries for some place, some lodging where you would be safe for a time. It might be a very humble place, but—"

"It *must* be a very humble place! I can afford to pay for no other. I should be very grateful to Mr. Zephany if he would—Oh, Fatima, what will become of me if you go away? I shall be so desolate!" And the poor child burst into tears.

Fatima, from whom the ruin of Millamint and all its attendant disasters had not drawn a tear, immediately began to cry too, from sympathy. And Mrs. Hawkins, presently entering the room, found them sobbing together.

But Marie was not going to join in their sobs. She mildly reproved them, with a placid smile, for being so childish, and at once offered a practical suggestion. Was there not, perhaps, some young woman among those employed by the dentist, in whose family Miss Smith could board for a while if the worst came to the worst?

"Oh!" cried Lucy clasping her hands together, and looking up quickly through her tears, "Peggy Barton! I will ask Peggy Barton. I am sure she will help me if she can. I wonder I did not think of her before."

"*Voilà!* You see it is much better to think over things quietly than to cry—*n'est-ce pas?* Let me see," pulling out an enamelled bijou watch; the product of popular confidence in British Tea—it is now barely half-past seven. I think you had better go to this young person at once. We don't know what may happen to-morrow. Do you know where she lives?"

Lucy did not know; beyond the fact that it was not very far from Oxford Street! But she had no doubt she could get the address from Mrs. Parfitt, Mr. Tudway Didear's cook. While she was speaking they heard the sound of a latch-key in the hall door, and Zephany came in.

He went up at once to Mrs. Hawkins, and said something to her in a low tone, of which Lucy could not help hearing the words, "execution in the house," and "Clampitt's liabilities." Marie listened, nodding her head gently from time to time, as if she were hearing the expected confirmation of an opinion she had long maintained; but without the smallest manifestation of distress. When he had finished, she said aloud, "Thanks so much, Zephany. Now I want to tell you what we have been thinking of for Miss Smith."

Zephany at once approved the idea of applying to Peggy Barton and her mother. Peggy's name was familiar to them all; for Lucy had been in the habit of talking over her daily adventures at the dentist's, and relieving her spirits by dwelling on the comic side of them to sympathetic listeners.

"Well," said Zephany, "you had better see these people to-night. Lose not a moment. If you allow me, Mademoiselle, I will accompany you at once. I will get a cab" (which word Zephany always pronounced *keb*: his linguistic abilities breaking down at the attempt to reproduce the short English *a*!)

"Oh, it is good of you, Mr. Zephany! But—" "Mademoiselle," returned Zephany, severely, "it is not from *you* that I expected to hear that word. 'But' is for imbeciles."

"My 'but' only referred to my unwillingness to trouble you," said Lucy, smiling faintly, and rising from her chair to get ready. "Oh, I know you will not be thanked! but you can't help my feeling grateful!"

Fatima pleaded to be allowed to go too, and the two girls left the room together. As soon as they were gone, Zephany said to Mrs. Hawkins—

"It is better that I go and see these Bartons. From what Miss Smith says, I believe they are good people, and to be trusted; but, although she is full of intelligence, she is young and inexperienced. I shall see what they are at a glance—in one flash!" opening his eyes wide for a moment, and raising and lowering his eyebrows rapidly.

Then Lucy and Fatima came downstairs, and all three set off in a cab to Mr. Tudway Didear's. There they were able, through the assistance of Mrs. Parfitt, to get Peggy Barton's address from Miss Saunders, the "private secretary."

The Bartons, it appeared, lived at no great distance from Soho Square, and when the cab stopped at the street and number indicated, they found themselves in front of a poor-looking foreign eating-house, bearing the inscription, in tarnished gilt letters, "Restaurant du Mont Blanc, L. Montondon."

But there was a side door, with a series of bell-handles one above the other; and above the topmost one was nailed a card, on which was written, in Peggy's own clerical character, "Mrs. John James Barton. Miss Barton." The door being open, Zephany decided that they had better go upstairs without further ceremony; that Lucy should first knock at Mrs. Barton's door, and that he and Fatima should wait outside on the landing until they received permission to enter.

As they went along the dimly-lighted passage and up the first flight of stairs, the neighbourhood of the restaurant kitchen announced itself disagreeably; but at the top of the house, where Mrs. Barton lived, the air was sweeter, and they could see by the light of a candle stuck in a tin reflector against the wall, that the floor of the landing was clean, and that a mat had been laid before the door. There was also a large wooden box, which looked like a sea-chest, standing outside on the landing, apparently from want of space to stow it within.

On this box Fatima and Zephany at once seated themselves as nonchalantly as they would have availed themselves of a velvet sofa, or a school bench, or a Turkish divan, or the Lord Chancellor's woolsock, or any other sitting accommodation they might have chanced to find there. While they were mounting the stairs, Zephany had whispered that he knew something of the keeper of the restaurant, whose mother, old Jeanne, had been employed by Madame Leroux; and that the place, though humble, was respectable.

"They are rather greedy, hard people—in brief, *Savoyards*," said Zephany, uttering the word with a sort of suppressed snarl, intended to convey, in a concentrated and expressive form, his opinion of those hardy mountaineers. "But, *du reste*, decent; and not thieves."

Their footsteps must have been heard by those on the other side of the door, for no sooner had Lucy given a gentle tap than Miss Peggy Barton appeared, peering out on to the landing, and holding the door jealously in her hand, so that nothing was visible of the interior, except a stream of ruddy light.

"Does Mrs. Barton live—?" began Lucy; but before she could finish the sentence Peggy cried, in a tone of joyful surprise, "Why, it's never you, Miss Smith! Oh, mother, here's Miss Smith come to see us! This is an unexpected pleasure! Do please walk in." And Peggy, in her eagerness, almost pulled Lucy into the room.

It was a larger room than she had expected. The house was old, and had once been handsome, and it was planned on a more ample scale than could have been found in a modern dwelling of an equally poor class.

A bright fire was burning in a somewhat squeezed little grate. The floor was uncarpeted, but there was a rug made of fragments of cloth sewn together in front of the hearth, and beside it, in a big wicker chair, propped up by cushions, there sat a small, feeble, pale-faced woman, who bore the same sort of likeness to Peggy that a wash-tubs bears to its fellow newly cut from the same web, and fresh from the factory.

There was a bed on the side of the room opposite to the fireplace, and under the window stood a mysterious piece of furniture, which turned out on after acquaintance to be a sofa-bedstead, but which had that shabby, slinking, almost deprecating look that may be observed in the human subject when he has no distinct and recognised calling in life, but belongs to the miscellaneous class of those supposed to make themselves "generally useful."

There was a large, old-fashioned chest of drawers between the corner of the room and the side of the fireplace opposite to the wicker chair, and above it were fixed some deal shelves, decorated



with red and gold paper, whereon were displayed some cups and saucers, one or two books, a small workbox, and several large Indian shells. These, together with an old pocket-compass, suspended by a green ribbon over the mantelpiece, a lithograph of Messrs. Macabe and M'Coll's magnificent ship *Hector*, 1,777 tons register, and a panoramic view of the harbour of Sydney, New South Wales, seemed to suggest that the late Mr. John James Barton had been connected with a seafaring life.

A kettle was singing on the hob, and tea things were spread on a round table drawn up by the fire. The mother and daughter had evidently just finished their evening meal.

"Oh, Miss Smith? I am sure I am most happy—" said Mrs. Barton, in a faded little voice which seemed to match her face. "You'll excuse my not rising. I'm a sad invalid. Peggy, my dear, another cup and saucer."

Lucy checked these hospitable intentions by saying that she had come on business. She would not detain Mrs. Barton long; but she had some friends with her. Might they be allowed to come in?

Peggy was out on the landing before she had made an end of her speech, begging Miss Smith's friends to walk in. She was evidently much astonished on seeing Zephany; and told her mother, afterwards, that she had little expected to see a black-bearded foreigner, with an eye that looked as if it could scorch a hole in a blanket. But she tried politely to repress all manifestations of surprise.

As for Mrs. Barton, she was not only bewildered, but slightly alarmed, and visibly shrank away to the farther side of her chair, when Zephany, bowing, and addressing her as "Madame," offered an apology for his intrusion.

"I'm sure any friend of Miss Smith's—" quavered Mrs. Barton feebly; and then stopped, unable to say any more.

Fatima meanwhile had perched herself on the sofa-bedstead, and was smiling and nodding at Peggy, whom she had seen before.

Zephany, who took on himself to be spokesman, told Mrs. Barton that, owing to the unexpected departure of the lady in whose house she had been living, Miss Smith, being a stranger in London, found herself suddenly in need of a home; and had ventured to ask Mrs. Barton if she could recommend her a respectable family where she might be received for a time.

"I suppose," said Peggy, in her quick, impulsive way, "our place would be too poor for Miss Smith; else a shake-down here with us for a time—"

"Oh, it is what I should be most thankful for!" said Lucy. "Pray do not speak of your home being too poor for me! I am very poor, and should be grateful if you would take me in. Only perhaps," she added, glancing at Mrs. Barton, "as your mother is an invalid, it might disturb her to have a stranger—"

"No, that it wouldn't; would it, mother?" burst out Peggy, alert and eager in a moment. "And, as for accommodation, there's my little room—the landlord wouldn't fresh paper us, so I got a bucket of whitewash and did the walls myself. Poor we may be; but dirty, we wouldn't. And there's that sofa-bedstead—the very thing for me, and really much handier, being so near to mother in case she wanted anything in the night. And, if you'll excuse the light a moment, I'll show Miss Smith the room, and she can judge whether she would be able to put up with it."

Suiting the action to the word, Peggy snatched up the lamp from the table, and ushered Lucy into the adjoining room, which was bare and poor enough, but perfectly clean, and with a good iron bedstead in it.

Zephany's rapid vehemence being thus reinforced by Peggy's kindred quickness, they whirled poor Mrs. Barton's mind along with such a sense of breathless swiftness, that she held on to the arms of her chair, as though she were afraid of being carried away bodily. Zephany and Peggy had arranged everything before the others clearly understood that the negotiation had begun. The only hitch was as to price; Peggy demanding half-a-crown a week less than Zephany thought fair. But he soon settled the matter by saying in his sternest voice (which made Mrs. Barton quail among her cushions), "On our terms, or not at all! We cannot allow you to cheat yourself!"

But Peggy only rubbed her hands, and said, saucily, "You're an uncommonly hard hand at a bargain, sir; but I suppose it must be as you say!"

Everything being thus agreed upon, even to the hour at which Lucy was to arrive at the Barton's the following afternoon, Zephany drew off his forces with decisive rapidity, only pausing to make a little speech of politeness to Mrs. Barton, which made her so nervous that, although her lips were seen to move faintly, no audible words came from them.

Lucy, when she reached Great Portland Street again, felt as though she were in a dream. But as she entered the house a letter was handed to her which startled her into a state of excited emotion.

It was from Edgar Tomline, and informed her that he had been unable to elicit from old Mrs. Ellergarth any information as to where Lucy's mother had gone on leaving Libburn Farm. "But," he wrote, "what is very strange is that there is some one inquiring about you. Mrs. Ellergarth had an anonymous letter sent on to her from the present tenant of Clibburn, where it had been addressed, asking for information about Mr. and Mrs. Marston who adopted a little girl between eighteen and nineteen years ago; and whether the child was still living."

(To be continued)



THE SEE OF BANGOR, vacant through Dr. Campbell's resignation, has been conferred on the Rev. Daniel Lewis Lloyd. The new Bishop was formerly a scholar of Jesus College, Oxford. In 1863, he took a second class in Moderations, and in 1867 a second class in Literæ Humaniores. Ordained in 1867, he was from that year to 1872 Head Master of Dolgelly School and Curate at Dolgelly, Head Master of the Friars' School at Bangor from 1873 to 1878, and since that year Head Master of Christ College, Brecon. While at Dolgelly he worked hard among the people, and his sermons in Welsh were much appreciated. He is said to be a moderate High Churchman with Broad Church leanings.

THE BISHOP OF TRURO attended service in Truro Cathedral on Sunday for the first time for many months. His recovery is thought to be sufficiently complete to set at rest the reports of his contemplated resignation of the See.

THE HEADS OF HOUSES AT OXFORD appointed on Tuesday to be Bampton Lecturer for next year the Rev. Charles Gore, Principal of Pusey House, Oxford, and editor of *Lux Mundi*, some passages in his contributions to which have excited so much attention from the boldness of the opinions expressed in them on the subject, among others, of the inspiration of the Scriptures. By a rather striking coincidence, on the very day of this appointment Archdeacon Denison, at the first sitting of the re-assembled Convocation of Canterbury, recorded in the Lower House a strenuous protest against some of Mr. Gore's views, and closed his speech with proposing a formal application to the Primate, as President of

the Upper House, to appoint a Committee to consider and report on the matter.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CHURCH ASSOCIATION this week, the Chairman referred to the trial of the Bishop of Lincoln as having settled two most important points—one, that a Bishop is not above the law; the other, in what way a Bishop can be tried. A resolution against the policy of "the Ritualistic party" as inconsistent with the principles of the English Reformation was adopted. The report stated that the finances of the Association were in a satisfactory condition.

PREACHING RECENTLY on behalf of the Church of England Temperance Benefit Society, the Bishop of London remarked that it was one of the truest embodiments of mutual aid, by which the whole body of members gain and none lose. It is satisfactory to learn, on his Lordship's authority, that the rules and tables of the Society are carefully framed, and that no member need fear its inability at any future date to satisfy his just claims.

ANOTHER "REPRESENTATION" of the illegality of the famous reredos in St. Paul's Cathedral has been lodged with the Bishop of London, under the Public Worship Regulation Act. It sets forth that portions of the reredos have encouraged ideas and devotions of an idolatrous and superstitious kind, and are in contravention of the twenty-second of the Thirty-nine Articles, which, it may be remembered, condemns "worshipping and adoration as well of images as of reliques."

REPLYING TO A DEPUTATION OF WORKING MEN who consulted him on the subject, Cardinal Manning said that, in his opinion, nothing would be more fatal to the well-being of the industrial classes than the change sought to be brought about by the Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister Bill.

THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD, by thirty-six votes to two, have rejected a motion made by the Rev. Stewart Headlam, and supported by Mrs. Besant, for the exclusion of the Bible and of Bible-teaching from the schools under its jurisdiction.

### THE LATE MR. JOHN PARSONS

WE announced last week the death, in his sixty-fourth year, of Mr. John Parsons, for the past eighteen years Manager of the Printing Office of *The Graphic*, and since the inception of *The Daily Graphic* of that Printing Office also. He was apprenticed to Messrs. Clayton, printers, of Crane Court, Fleet Street, and assisted in the production of the first number of the *Illustrated London News*. He was afterwards appointed Overseer of the Machine Department of Messrs. Clowes and Sons, Stamford Street, Blackfriars, and also represented that firm on the Jury of the International Exhibition of 1862. In 1872, he was invited by the proprietors of this journal to take charge of their Printing Department. In this capacity, notwithstanding the difficulties of the position, he endeared himself to all his subordinates, and has left



MR. JOHN PARSONS

Late Manager of the Printing Departments of *The Graphic* and *The Daily Graphic*. Born 1827. Died April 27, 1890.

behind him the name of the staunchest of friends. He was closely identified with all the charities connected with the printing and kindred trades, notably with the Printers' Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Asylum Corporation, upon the Council of which institution he served for some years. Three years ago he was taken seriously ill, and was advised to try a sea voyage. He went to Australia, but on his return it was evident to those who knew him best that he had benefited but slightly by the journey, and after numerous fluctuations he passed away quietly on the morning of Sunday, April 27th, leaving a wife, children, and innumerable friends to lament their loss.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Batchelder and Co., Melbourne.

THE ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION at Chelsea was admirably complete by the opening day, Wednesday in this week. The chief building and its numerous annexes look most picturesque with their varied arrangements of war material, from the ancient armour and weapons of the Early English warrior to the elaborate campaigning material of modern days. Probably the general public will be most interested in the displays of equipment for the field, such as the different kinds of tents, the methods of transport, and especially the model of a battlefield, with its wounded soldiers, and illustrations of Ambulance work. The collection of uniforms worn by our Oriental troops is especially good; while the valuable war-pictures and the tattered regimental colours recall British prowess in all countries. Military sports and bands add further attractions to the Exhibition, besides the interesting collections of fancy work done by the soldiers in their leisure hours and ranging from wood-carving to patchwork. Speaking of Exhibitions, the opening of the French Exhibition at Earl's Court is delayed to the 17th inst., and meanwhile the grounds and buildings are being decorated in appropriate Gallic designs. There will be views of the Louvre, the Champs Elysées, and the Arc de Triomphe, a model of the Eiffel Tower, a Norman cider orchard, and a regular *café chantant*. Arabs from Algeria will reproduce life in the desert in the big arena, where the great feature will be the team of lions drawing a chariot round the ring. The exhibits are divided into twelve groups, and the pictures are to include some of the finest works from recent Salons.



SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON was visited by 19,414 persons during the year just ended by the anniversary of the poet's birth. These visitors represented thirty-nine nationalities. The Executive Council will now consider the question of opening Shakespeare's house on Sundays.

M. ÉMILE ZOLA has failed to get into the Paris Académie, and only obtained four votes out of thirty-eight at the recent election. There were thirteen competitors for the late M. Émile Augier's seat, and the members were so divided that after seven ballots none of the candidates could secure the necessary majority of twenty votes. The election has been adjourned for six months.

THE HEAT OF THE MOON has been tested successfully by a South Kensington Professor, after the problem has long perplexed astronomers. By the aid of a most delicate instrument, Mr. C. V. Boys ascertains that the warmth received from moonlight equals that given out by a candle at a distance of 21 ft. Although the moon's face is exposed to the blaze of an unclouded sun for fourteen days, it remains comparatively cool, and loses very quickly whatever heat it receives.

A CHEAP INTERNATIONAL TELEGRAPHIC SERVICE FOR EUROPE will be discussed at the Telegraph Conference which opens in Paris next Thursday. Herr von Stephan, the energetic German Minister, who has done so much for postal reform, proposes to fix telegraphic charges on a similar system to the Postal Union, so as to avoid the present irregular tariff in the various countries. He suggests that only two rates should be levied throughout Europe, 12½ and 15 centimes (1¼d. and 1½d.) per word according to distance.

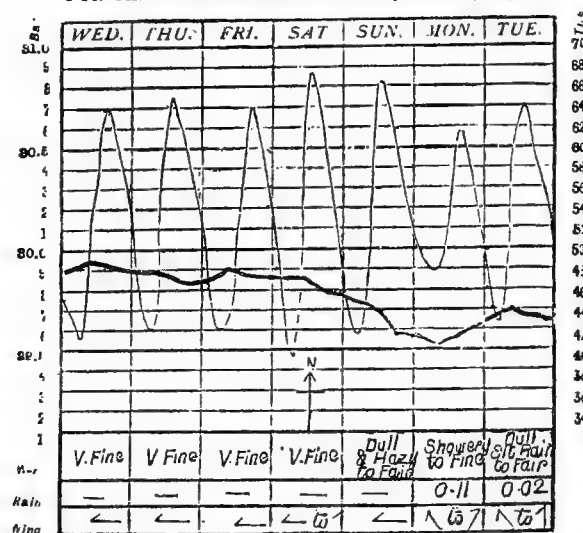
THE PROPOSED REDUCTION of the Colonial Postage rate does not meet with unanimous approval in the Colonies themselves. Victoria is ready to accept Mr. Goschen's suggestions, but New Zealand declines, on the plea of loss of revenue. Speaking of postage, an interesting Jubilee Postal Exhibition is now open at Leeds, well illustrating the history of the British stamp, besides those of other nations. The London Philatelic Exhibition will be held at the Portman Rooms, Baker Street, from the 19th to the 26th inst., the Duke of Edinburgh, who is an enthusiastic collector, performing the opening ceremony.

LONDON MORTALITY continues to decrease. The deaths last week numbered 1,533, against 1,567 during the previous seven days, being a decline of 34, and 90 below the average, with a death-rate of 18.1 per 1,000. Fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs diminished to 326—a fall of 39, and 10 below the average—including 2 from influenza (a decrease of 4). There were 86 deaths from whooping-cough (a decline of 2), 67 from measles (a rise of 6), 18 from diphtheria (a decrease of 2), 21 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 8), 15 from scarlet fever (a fall of 2), 6 from enteric fever (similar to last week), 1 from typhus, and 1 from small-pox—the first of either disease for many weeks. Different forms of violence caused 61 deaths. There were 2,613 births registered (an advance of 75).

AN INTERESTING EXHIBITION OF BRITISH SILKS is being held at Lord Egerton of Tatton's residence, 7, St. James's Square, organised by the Silk Association of Great Britain and Ireland. The display shows plainly that home-manufactures can well compare with foreign imports, if English people could only be convinced of the fact, and would patronise home-industries. Silks of every description are exhibited, from curtains and furniture coverings to costly Court brocades, poplins, plushes, and velvets, from embroidery silks and ribbons to gloves and stockings; indeed, almost every article which can be manufactured from silk. A handloom from Bethnal Green shows the process of weaving an elaborate dress-brocade, while numerous dolls dressed in English fabrics, and a most daintily-furnished doll's-house contributed by Lady Rosebery, are prominent features. The Exhibition was opened on Tuesday by the Duchess of Teck, and is intended to be followed in 1892 by a large display on a much more elaborate scale.

### WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, MAY 6, 1890



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (6th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

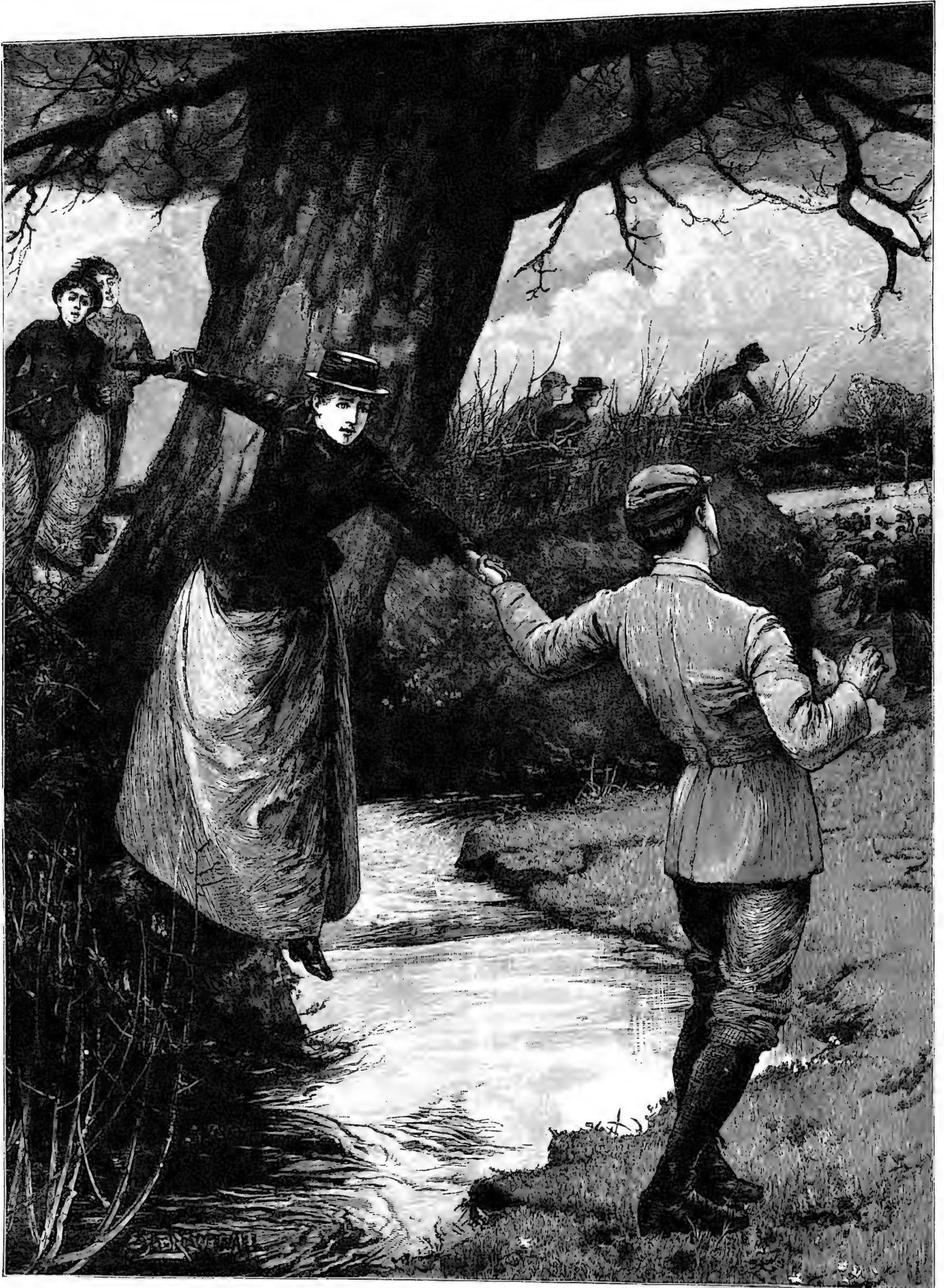
REMARKS.—Taken as a whole the weather of the past week has been somewhat cloudy at the Irish and some of the Scotch Stations, but fine, warm, and seasonable over England. During the first part of the time pressure was lowest in some rather poorly defined systems to the Westward or South-Westward of our Islands, and light to moderate Southerly or Easterly breezes were experienced in most places, with rather dull skies in the West and some parts of the North, and fine bright warm weather elsewhere. By Saturday morning (3rd inst.) the mercury had fallen rather briskly in the West, and a well defined depression was shown off the South-West of Ireland, and subsequently moved slowly Southwards. During the prevalence in our neighbourhood of this disturbance the winds drew into the South-East in the West, and blew freshly with unsettled rainy conditions there, but elsewhere light Southerly airs, and fine to dull and warm weather prevailed. Towards the close of the week shallow areas of low pressure were found over the more Southern portion of the United Kingdom, and Easterly or South-Easterly breezes, with sharp showers, and intermittent sunshine, were experienced over that part of the country pretty generally. The highest temperatures of the week have been little short of 70° on more than one day over Inland England, the highest of all being 71° on Saturday and Sunday (3rd and 4th inst.) at Cambridge. The lowest minima have been slightly above the freezing point.

The barometer was highest (29.98 inches) on Wednesday (30th ult.); lowest (29.53 inches) on Monday (1st inst.); range 0.45 inch.

The temperature was highest (67°) on Saturday (3rd inst.); lowest (40°) on Saturday (3rd inst.); range 27°.

Rain fell on two days. Total amount 0.13 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.11 inch on Monday (5th inst.).





DIVIDED INTERESTS—'TWIN LOVE AND SPORT  
AN INCIDENT OF A RUN WITH THE BEAGLES



## SCIENTIFIC NOTES

THE pollution of wells by the near neighbourhood of cesspools and other receptacles of filthy matter has of late years attracted much attention. The fact that the waters of a well are so polluted has generally been first notified, in unmistakable manner, by the outbreak of disease; and then has followed, as a matter of course, an analysis of the suspected water, and remedies to keep it in a purer condition. This shutting of the stable-door after the theft of the horse is to be commended as being better than no treatment at all; but it is a far wiser course to adopt the preventive system, and to test the water used for drinking purposes before it causes any mischief. Dwellers in towns and cities, with their regular, and in many cases constant, supply of good water, seldom reflect, and often do not know, that a very large proportion of residents in the country are dependent on rainfall for their supply of water for all purposes, and that their store of water in a dry season will often fail altogether, or become nauseous in quality. To test the presence of sewage matter in such water requires an expensive analysis; and various rough-and-ready modes of trying whether neighbouring filth percolates through the soil into the well, such as the addition of salt, and relying upon the sense of taste for its detection in the well-water, are deceptive and unreliable. Professor Blake, of the University of Kansas, seems to have hit upon an ingenious way of proving an alleged connection between a well and any source of pollution, and he makes use of a method which will detect a far smaller amount of foreign matter than is possible by chemical analysis, for he employs the spectroscope. The method is as follows:—Let us suppose that in the neighbourhood of a well there is some suspected source of pollution, and that at this point we pour into the soil a solution of one of the salts of lithium. A salt of this metal is chosen because, in the spectroscope, it gives an unmistakable red band, even when the solution examined contains less than one-millionth part of it. A few days after this liquid has been thrown down, and when we may suppose that it has found its way into the well—if the suspicion that an underground channel exists is correct—a sample of the water is drawn, and, after being concentrated by boiling down, is examined by the spectroscope in the usual way—that is to say, a platinum wire, wetted with it, is heated in the flame of a Bunsen burner. If the flame gives the characteristic red line due to lithium, we may be sure that the alleged connection between the well and the source of pollution is founded on fact. The same channel which carried the lithium-water to the well would of course afford a passage for the filth with which it had been purposely associated.

The smoke abatement question, which for some time has lain dormant in the metropolis, is now being discussed in Manchester. The atmosphere of the Northern City, is even dirtier than that of London, and to this circumstance we may attribute the recent movement against smoke. A committee has been appointed to deal with the subject, and is instructed to send in a report; and, as this committee is supported by men well known in science, and by large manufacturers, there is some chance of the report being not only adopted, but acted upon. There have been from time to time contrived many appliances for the consumption of smoke, and one of the duties of the Committee will be to institute inquiries among those who have tried these contrivances, in order to report upon their performance. They will also undertake practical tests of such appliances in order to find out whether, under ordinary conditions of work, they are accompanied by freedom from smoke, reasonable amount of duty, economy of fuel, moderate cost in wear and tear, simplicity in construction, and, finally, moderate cost of application. We trust that some result will be gained by the carrying out of this somewhat wide programme. Hitherto the only thing which seems to call public attention to the subject of smoke abatement is the occurrence of a downright thick yellow London fog spreading over a day or two and doubling the consumption of gas while it lasts. This gives rise to a wonderful number of letters to the papers, but with the return of sunshine all is forgotten until the next fog comes along.

We believe that a site for Sir Edward Watkin's projected tower has been determined upon provisionally at St. John's Wood, upon some ground belonging to the Metropolitan Railway. Here, at any rate, it will not dwarf or otherwise interfere with other buildings, as it would have done if, unhappily, space could have been secured for it in town. The atmosphere at the northern suburb will, too, give visitors to the tower a better chance of an extended view. But, in any case, folks will have to rise with the lark to find that clear state of the air which will alone render a fine view of London and its surroundings possible, and even then disappointment will often await them.

Mr. A. A. Garside of Leeds, has invented a novel form of steam engine, which is most ingenious in design, and possesses one of the common attributes of a successful device—namely, simplicity. It has neither piston nor crank, and it does not in any other way bear a resemblance to the common type of engine. Upon a shaft or spindle, which is hollow, is coiled a hollow spiral tube, which constantly increases in diameter from the centre. To make the matter clear, this coil may be compared to one of those fossil shells called "ammonites," which are found in the cabinet of every collector. If we imagine such a shell, with a hollow tube thrust through its smallest and central coil, and with its inside communicating with the interior of the tube, we shall have a very good illustration of the fundamental part of Mr. Garside's engine. The coiled tube is fixed rigidly to the spindle or shaft, and it is surrounded by a close-fitting case, so that in this way it resembles a turbine. The steam is introduced through the shaft, and the peculiar structure of the coil gives it room to expand, and during this expansion it forces the coil and shaft into rotary motion in a contrary direction to its own progress. The steam, when it has done this work, is carried through a port in the outer casing to a condenser. The engine may be fitted with a throttle-valve, governor, &c., of the usual kind. Several coils may be fitted to one shaft, and it will be obvious that there can be no dead points. This engine is interesting as being one which is likely to be useful in driving dynamos for electric lighting, and we shall look forward to any trials which may be made with a view to testing its efficiency.

The long correspondence which recently appeared in the *Times* upon the important subject of colour-blindness has been fruitful in causing the Royal Society to decide upon appointing a Commission to inquire into the whole subject, and with special reference to its bearing upon the examination of railway servants and seamen, to whom a correct appreciation of colour is of vital importance. We are glad to learn that this Committee will not consist entirely of Fellows of the Society, but that experts and others outside their own ranks will be invited to join in their deliberations.

T. C. H.

## SOUDANESE SLAVE GIRLS

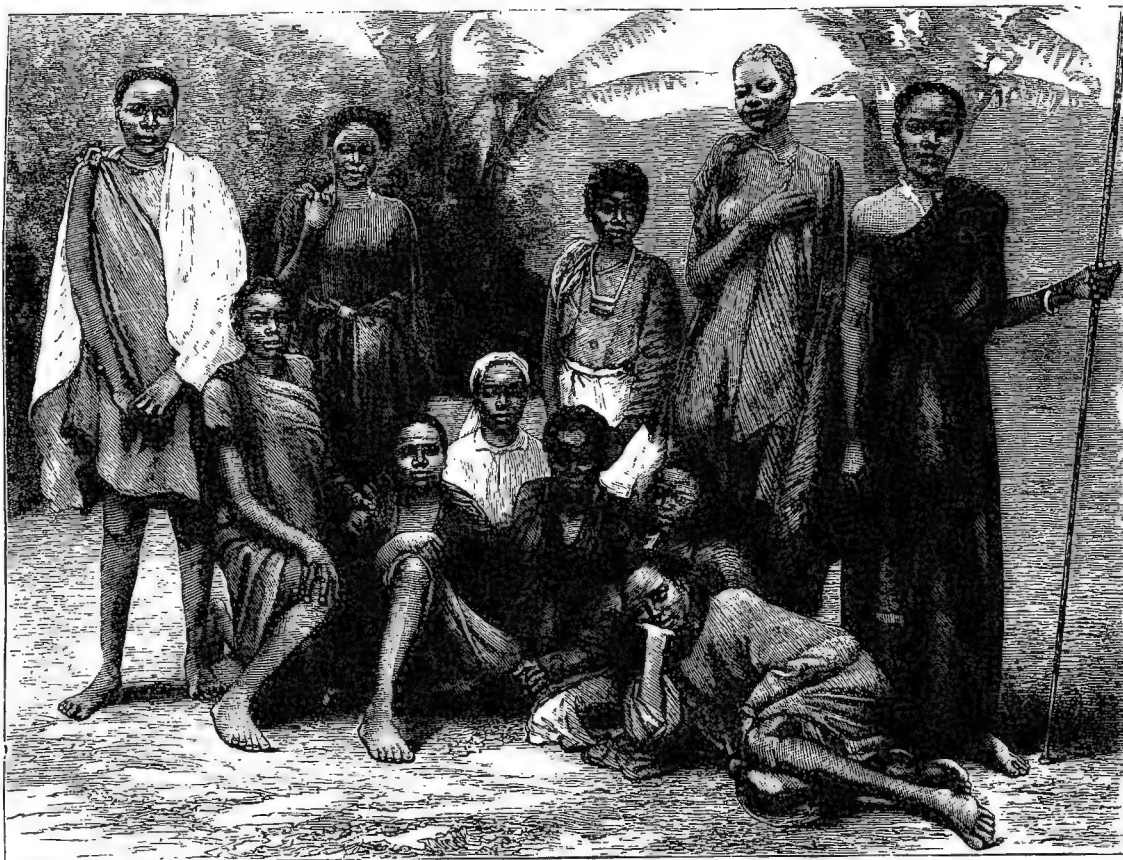
We are indebted to Mr. Charles H. Allen, Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, for the photograph from which our engraving is taken. There is at Cairo, under the auspices of the Society, a Home for Freed Women Slaves. Although the slave-trade is now illegal in Egypt, and although Colonel Schaeffer carries out the preventive service with the greatest energy, the profit arising from the traffic is so great that smugglers can be found bold enough to bring their contraband wares up to the very gates of Cairo. The following letter from Mrs. Crewe, the Matron of the Home, will explain the particular subject of our illustration:—

"DEAR MR. ALLEN,—

"I am sending you by this mail a negative of a photograph, taken a few days ago at the Home, of some fresh arrivals from the Soudan, who were rescued at Shooobra from the hands of a galab, or slave-dealer, a native and a boatman.

"After having traversed the weary sandy desert for two months, they arrived near the Great Pyramids, and were smuggled into Cairo by night, where they were hidden by a fellah woman in her house for ten days. On the eve of being sold, some of Colonel Schaeffer's guards promptly discovered them, and brought them to

"CAIRO.



GROUP OF SOUDANESE SLAVE-GIRLS, RECENTLY CAPTURED AT CAIRO

the Home. After making inquiries as to how they had come, we finally understood (the girls not speaking Arabic, it was very hard to arrive at any just conclusion) that some came from Servar, and others came from Gala country, each from a different village, sold by different men, but bought by two.

"One poor unfortunate girl had been burnt upon her arm in four separate parts, in large marks two or three inches long, as a brand or as a preventive against disease. The scars, being neglected, festered, and were in a frightful condition, thereby causing the poor creature intense pain. Most of these girls are very thin, principally owing to starvation and thirst on their long journey.

"You will be glad to hear that all the men implicated in the matter have been severely punished, and the galab imprisoned for life. The woman got off by saying that before she received them in her house she had been told they were a cargo of tobacco.

"During the past year over two hundred women and children, including twenty-five gasheemers, or fresh slaves, from Mecca and the Soudan, have passed through the Home. Sir Colin S. Moncrieff and Mrs. Ross saw the ten slaves of whom I write.

"I am sorry to inform you that this year more fresh slaves than in the two previous years have been imported into the country. In spite of the severe punishment inflicted on the traders, they will bring them in; for some people here are desperate for slaves, and will buy them when they can.

"I sincerely hope the Anti-Slavery Society will give me for a few more years the kind aid they hitherto have given. Trusting that ere long there will be peace in the interior of Africa, slavery entirely abolished, and the slave question arrived at a satisfactory conclusion,

"Yours sincerely,

"A. CREWE, Matron."

Unhappily, the funds of the Home are not in the most flourishing condition. Mr. Allen writes:—"We have to raise money this year or the Home must be closed." Any of our readers who may desire to assist in preventing this catastrophe should send their subscriptions or donations for the Home to Mr. Allen, 55, New Board Street, London, E.C.

THE FRENCH EXHIBITION, at Earl's Court, will be opened this day (Saturday), by the Lord Mayor.



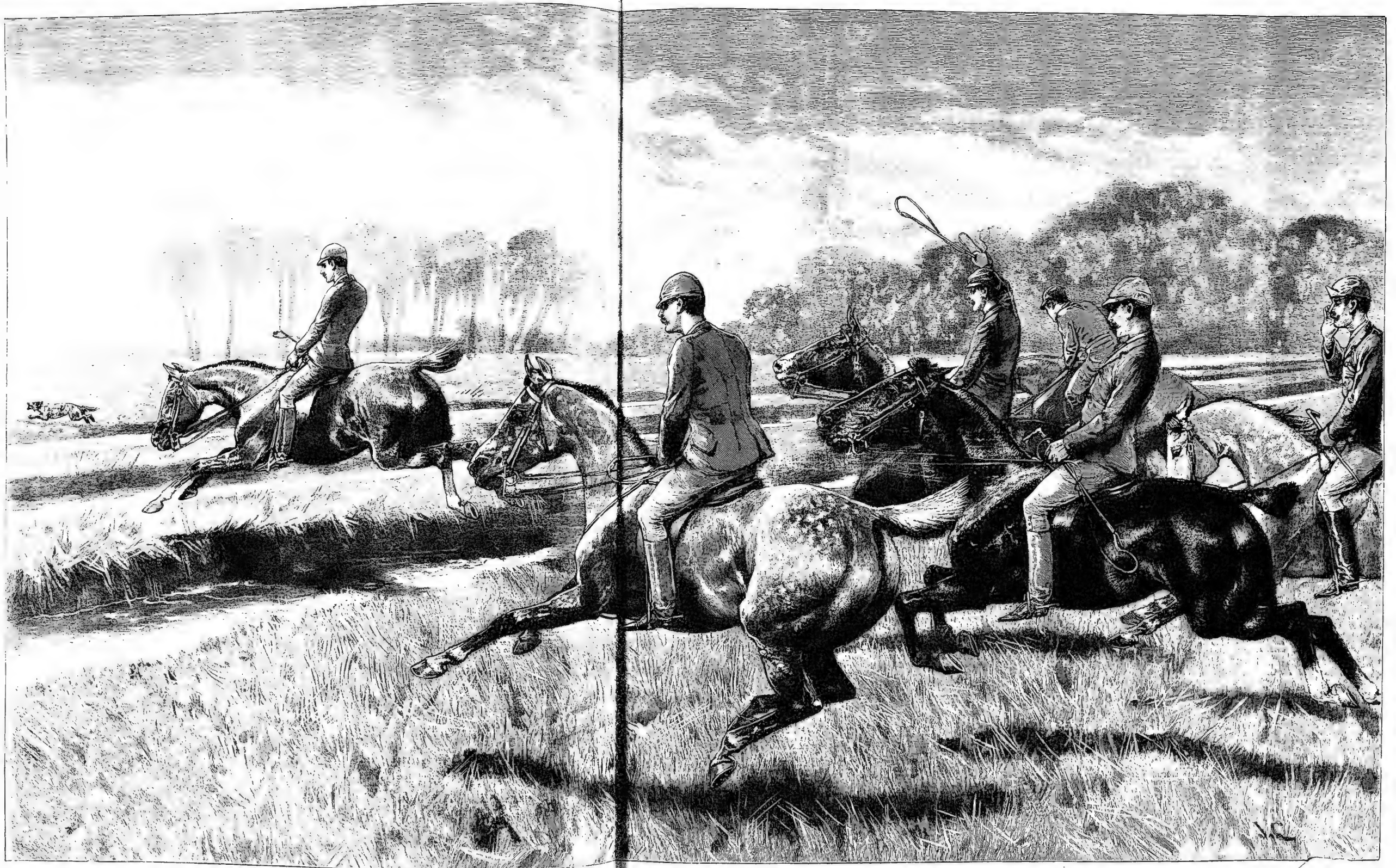
"THE CORRESPONDENCE OF MADAME DU NOYER," translated and edited by Florence L. Layard (2 vols.: Richard Bentley and Son). It was probably the freedom with which the rapier and the *lettre de cachet* were used in the reign of Louis XIV. that prevented several enterprising persons from making large fortunes by starting Society journals. The field for the chroniclers of scandal was exceptionally wide in those days, and the appetite for full-flavoured stories of notorious or celebrated persons was correspondingly high. It is not therefore surprising that every lady who possessed wit, and a discreet correspondent, should undertake to write in confidence what the manners of the age made it dangerous to put into print. The collection translated by Miss Layard contains the letters written by Madame Du Noyer to a friend in Paris, and the replies she received in return. The name of the friend is unknown, but she was certainly the equal of Madame Du Noyer in wit, and in her capacity for collecting and telling amusing stories. Madame Du Noyer was born in 1663 of an honourable family in the south of France, and was brought up as a Huguenot. When she was about thirty years of age, she married M. Du Noyer, who was *Député des États à la Cour*, and *Grand Maître des Eaux et des Forêts*. Her early married life was very happy, and, as M. Du Noyer's appointments kept him in the provinces, she lived with him at Avignon, Toulouse, and other towns in the south of France. It was during this period of her life that she kept up her correspondence with her unknown friend in Paris, and we shall probably not be far wrong if we place the letters contained in these two volumes between the years 1694 and 1703, though no dates are assigned to any of them. Both Madame Du Noyer and her correspondent were thoroughly in touch with the frivolous life of the age—one sending all the

gossip of the country, and the other replying with the scandals of the Court and Paris, and both of them sketching in a light and humorous manner the failings and foibles of their friends and neighbours. The two ladies seem to have made it a point of honour to vie with one another in telling witty and scandalous anecdotes of the nobility and Court; in fact, several times the translator has had to append a footnote to the effect that an anecdote or phrase has been omitted as unfit for translation. Naturally, a good deal is said about Madame de Montespan and Madame de Maintenon, a full and detailed account of the latter being given in Letter X. Among the things especially interesting to English readers is the sketch of James II. in exile at St. Germain, and the estimation in which William III. was held in France is also worth noting. English people seem to have gone abroad for consumption in those days much as they do now, and Madame Du Noyer notes that, whenever there was an interval of peace, the English used to flock to Montpellier for their health. Towards the end of the second volume there is a good deal of gossip and speculation about the death of William III. and the accession of Queen Anne, and almost the whole of one letter is taken up by a description of the Coronation of Queen Anne from the account of a Swiss gentleman who was a witness of the ceremony. The letters end abruptly shortly after the history of this event, Madame Du Noyer's correspondence being most probably interrupted by the misfortunes which befel her. About 1704, the persecution of the Huguenots, and the de-

reciation of salaries owing to the terrible state of the French finances, caused M. Du Noyer to abandon his official position, and escape with his wife and children to Holland. He had then ceased to care for his wife, and shortly afterwards deserted her, returning to the south of France, while she went to London. After suffering much misfortune and poverty, Madame Du Noyer died in Paris in 1720, deserted by her husband and children, and robbed of the little she had contrived to save from the wreck of their fortunes. Miss Layard has done her work very well, and has evidently devoted much time and care to the notes which are to be found at the foot of every page. She has, however, made a curious mistake in giving "Mrs. Masham" as the name by which Queen Anne addressed the Duchess of Marlborough. Of course, it should be "Mrs. Freeman," Mrs. Masham being the married name of Abigail Hill. The book is well illustrated with reproductions of old paintings and engravings, and affords a most interesting picture of the social life of France in the days of *Le Roi Soleil*.

"Naturalistic Photography," by P. H. Emerson, B.A., M.B. (Cantab.). Second edition (Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington). We have received a batch of books on photography, the most important volume being Dr. Emerson's "Naturalistic Photography." This is a book that will be read by all students who have made some little advance in photography, for there is much that is useful in it, when once the fustian of the first few pages has been skipped. Before coming to the point Dr. Emerson surveys Art from China to Peru, and from the earliest times to the present, incidentally hinting that he has a poor opinion of the Old Masters and the P. R. B. But when he does reach his subject, he has some remarks on good and bad work which every photographer—amateur or professional—should study. The author objects to over-sharpness in focussing as inartistic, and opposed to the charm and mystery of Nature. His aim is to treat photography from an artistic standpoint, and therefore he combats all those mechanical processes which touch up and spoil a photograph, and he considers both retouching and combination printing false in Art. Nor will he hear of head-rests, conventional backgrounds, and studio furniture, all of which tend to vulgarise the photographer's work, and to lower his artistic perception. A first principle of all artistic work is quick exposure and immediate development. The plates should always be developed within a day after being used, with a weak and slow developer. In fact, on every one of the many processes of photography Dr. Emerson has something interesting to say, but his book would have been a far better one had he applied to prose the





PARIAH HUNTING IN INDIA—THE "GRIDIRON JUMP"  
DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON



## THE GRAPHIC

## RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

MR. JOHN FREDERICK ROWBOTHAM has chosen a large subject for his new poem, "The Human Epic," of which the first canto has just been issued by Messrs. Kegan, Paul, and Co. It is no less than the evolution of physical and moral order out of primæval confusion, thus described by the poet:—

The ancient night of Chaos, hoar and wild,  
The reign of gloom and murky anarchy,  
Ere yet a trace of form or beauty smiled,  
Ere elemental masses could agree,  
But raged in fearful strife eternally:  
How warring Nature triumphed o'er her woes,  
How discord foul gave place to harmony,  
How drooping tumult fluttered to repose  
And from the depths of night the spangled world arose.

The theme is one which allows endless scope to the imagination. It is one which Milton handled as no one else has done, which lends itself to imposing imagery and vaguely luminous language. Feeble treatment readily manifests itself by evoking in the reader a sensation as of the grotesque or the ridiculous. It is to Mr. Rowbotham's credit that, as a rule, the dignity of his verse is not altogether incongruous with the matter of it. Still we are not quite sure that we altogether like his choice of words in these two lines for example:—

Tremendous brew! Where all things that exist  
Stirred in an indistinguishable mash.

Nor does the phrase "bubbling pottage" altogether commend itself. Nevertheless, ninety-six stanzas devoted to elemental warfare might well try the word-resources of any singer. We cannot say that we expect "The Human Epic" to take rank with the world-famous poems; but it has the promise of being a considerable and honourable poetic effort.

The fifth volume of the works of William Allingham which, uniform in half parchment, Messrs. Reeves and Turner are issuing in a series of six books, has recently been published. It takes its title from the principal items of its contents, "Thought and Word, and Ashby Manor." The frontispiece is a portrait of the author (1865), and there are four illustrations—theatrical scenes drawn by Mrs. Allingham. We will venture to quote three verses from "Levavi Oculos" by this gentle and high-minded singer:—

Great master, how I fain would lift myself  
Above men's network foolishness, and move  
In thy unfenced, unmeasured warmth and light!

Lo, when I rise a very little way  
The fences, nets, and pitfalls change to lines  
Drawn on a map; anon they disappear.

All shows of things are seen as parts of truth;  
My soul, if busy or at rest, hath peace,  
Hath visions of the House of Perfect Peace.



THERE is a good deal of cleverness and some pathos in "The Blindness of Memory Earle, a Romance," by Charles T. C. James (1 vol.: Remington and Co.), and there would be much more—or at any rate what there is would be more effective—if the author were less constantly calling attention to his own great sense of humour and enormous insight into human nature. He is too fond of stopping by the way and holding forth on the conduct of his characters, which not only is exasperating in itself, but makes his romance a great deal too long—the one volume being equivalent to nearly four of the ordinary size. Memory Earle is a shadow; but being blind he may be excused. On the other hand, his friend, who conquers intemperance, and then sacrifices all else, even to life itself, for friendship's sake, is a really pathetic and interesting character; and there is equal and well-contrasted charm in the two girls, Clare and Hetty; the former a country vicar's daughter, the latter the daughter of a poor woman who keeps a newspaper shop in the East End. Some minor characters are amusing—such as the Vicar himself, who is addicted to pulling to pieces every clock he sees (though this clock business is rather over-done), and is generally sat upon by a wife who is very much of a grey mare; and there is a butcher who, while carrying his professional metaphors in respect of spiritual allusions too far, is good as a caricature.

Captain Andrew Haggard, D.S.O., has proved his versatility by exchanging the theosophical conjuring of "Dodo and I" for the excessively mild and nice young-ladylike vein which, for some mysterious reason, seems to be the characteristic note of novels written by military officers. It is all about captains, naval as well as military, and their sweethearts, and contains enough flirtation as well as serious love-making, in all sorts of styles, to satisfy the most sentimental. There are at least two heroines; one of whom, Miss Nellie Watson, we rather like, and should like very much indeed but for her breaking her heart for such an utterly fatuous lady-killer as Jack Treleven. Still, such things have been: does not, despite the proverb, the strongest nature almost always go the wall? And we can forgive her for the sake of her quick temper, her *gourmandise*, and her various other little excitements of character. For Ada Triscott herself, the heroine-in-chief, we do not care at all. She is guilty of the unpardonable offence of marrying one man while she loves another with her whole heart and soul, and this without a mitigating circumstance. Captain Andrew Haggard tries hard to prove that it was honourable of her to act so dishonourably; but his argument will be most assuredly and most righteously rejected. The best thing in the novel is the description of a Queen's Birthday parade: after so much "he" and "she" it is exceedingly refreshing, as well as being in itself an excellent specimen of picturesque reporting.

"Reggie Abbott; or the Adventures of a Swedish Officer," by Nelson Prower (1 vol.: Redway), follows the history of Charles XII., according to Voltaire, down to 1714. The characters are countless, and those who play leading rôles are, with the exception of one singularly fatuous and futile knave, extraordinary specimens of personal beauty, combined either with genius or almost morbid amiability. All alike have such infinite capacities for loving one another, and indulge them to such an extreme, that affection, when it takes the form of sentimental friendship, becomes actually disagreeable. There are some very singular revelations concerning the Order of the Knights Hospitaliers. Mr. Prower "has the honour to be a Masonic Knight of Malta," and, therefore, mysteriously considers himself debarred from describing the installation of a real knight, about which there was no mystery whatever. But what authority has he for suggesting that so early as the beginning of the eighteenth century the Knights of Malta were becoming Freemasons in order to provide themselves a soft place for their anticipated downfall? Or for making it possible for a stray and unimportant young Protestant to be proposed and seconded, elected and installed, a Knight within six days of his first arrival in the island, his "proposer" being a married man, and he himself being under a promise to marry, which he afterwards fulfilled? Altogether, the novel is a very crude and amateurish affair.

Lord Beaconsfield's "Lothair" was certainly not a great work; but that does not justify "H. R. II." in writing its continuation

under either the name of "Lothair's Children" (1 vol.: Remington and Co.), or any other. It seems that Lothair did not marry the Lady Corisande after all, but Clare Arundel, by whom he had a little boy and a little girl. The little boy was stolen by a Cardinal and the leaders of the Irish Parliamentary party in order to extort a ransom of 20,000*l.* out of Lothair to be applied to the support of their party. This crazy plot, written in that appropriate sort of English which speaks of "luxuriant" chairs, is mixed up with a farrago of home and foreign politics, and high society, and eccentric characters, such as an uncritical mind may think sufficient equipment for playing the ghost of the author of "Coningsby" and "Tancred," as well as of "Lothair." We are firmly persuaded that the volume is not intended for a burlesque or for a mystification. It would be worse work, regarded as either of these, than looked upon as a specimen of impertinent vanity.

"Briars; or, On Dangerous Ground," by A. M. Monro (2 vols.: Griffith, Farran, and Co.), is a very innocent and unsophisticated piece of work, of which it is scarcely possible to speak either well or ill. It is certainly refreshing, however, to find an author who does not seem to have heard of the Divorce Court as an obvious means of getting rid of a wife who makes no secret of the abandoned life she is leading. All the characters are taken from the stock companies of fiction, and, except in the case of the suffering husband, who never thought of the Divorce Court, behave themselves in their accustomed and familiar ways. The style is smooth, and with fewer faults than is usual with novelists; indeed, if it were more technically faulty, there might be a little of the strength in which it is certainly wanting. When all is said, however—and there is really nothing else to say—"Briars" will help to pass a hour or so pleasantly enough for a reader in a thoroughly lazy mood.



THOMAS MURBY.—A new, corrected, and enlarged edition of "Elsa and the Imprisoned Fairy," a cantata for juvenile voices, with pianoforte accompaniments, written by Jeanie Gwynne Bettany, music by Thomas Murby, will be heartily welcomed by its numerous youthful admirers. This cantata has been an established favourite for a year or more. It remains unchanged, with the exception of a song and chorus (No. 13) for the imprisoned fairy and her sister fairies on her release from captivity. Although "Elsa" may be given simply as a musical work by young people in ordinary evening dress, it is much more satisfactory in fancy costume, and gives more pleasure both to actors and audience, for young folks are always glad of an opportunity for dressing up. T. Murby has written other cantatas, but none have been so successful as "Elsa." Both words and music are charming, and may be listened to with enjoyment again and again. It is, indeed, quite a typical work of its kind.

CHARLES WOOLHOUSE.—A tenor of cultivated taste will do well to take up a love-song, "I Know the Hour" ("Je Sais l'Heure"), English version by Lewis Novra, French words by Charles Simian, music by J. Jacques Haakman.—By the above-named composer is a showy fantasia on Scotch airs for violin and pianoforte.—"Sérénade Napolitaine," pour *violin et piano*, by G. Saint George, is a graceful little *morceau*.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"Parting Words," words by Lewis Morris, music by Raoul Dreux Kunz, is a song which will please whenever it is well sung by a baritone (Messrs. Methven, Simpson, and Co.).—"Farewell," written and composed by Whyte Melville and G. B. Mitchell, is chiefly noteworthy for its brevity and pathos (Messrs. Reid Brothers).—A touching little tragedy, as its title would suggest, is "Lost at Sea," words by T. Smith, music by William Hill (Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co.).—A Norwegian hymn, "O Little Child, Lie Still and Sleep," has been set to music by T. Herbert Stammers with much simplicity and quaintness; it will be found a lulling slumber song, for young mothers with refractory infants (Messrs. J. Smith and Son, Liverpool).—No. 149 of "Choruses for Equal Voices" is a spirited volunteer march, "Rally, Every Noble Volunteer," written and composed by A. J. Foxwell and John Kinross.—The above-named composer has also written "Twelve Scandinavian Sketches" for the pianoforte, some of which are very pretty trifles to be learnt by heart (Messrs. J. Curwen and Sons).—Two taking pianoforte pieces for the home circle are "Albumblatt Lied Ohne Worte," by Claude Melville (Messrs. Reid Brothers); and "Prayer and Cradle Song," by S. Bath (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—"The Emperor's Review," a military fantasia, by Richard Eilenberg, will please young players, who are fond of martial music and military display (Messrs. Hawkes and Son).—Two very good waltzes by Percival Cooke (solo violoncellist) are, "Felicitation" and "Consolation"; the latter is the prettier of the two (C. Jeffreys).—"Silent Vows" is a song of a commonplace type with a waltz refrain, written and composed by Lindsay Lennox and Frederick Croft.—"Hermia Gavotte," by George G. Richardson, and "Liebesbotschaft Waltz," by H. D. Wetton, are fairly good specimens of dance music (Messrs. C. B. Tree and Co.).—Three songs, music by Harold Oakley, will serve their purpose for after-dinner performance in the drawing-room. They are "Queen of Hearts," a tenor song, words by J. E. Carpenter; "Life and Love," words by Alsager Hay Hill; and, best of the group, "A Sailor's Life," for which the composer has written the words (Messrs. Willcocks and Co.).

PANSIES have superseded violets in Paris as the favourite flower for decorating hats and bonnets. Fashionable Parisiennes consider that the violet has become too common, being worn by the lower classes of society.

THE FRENCH MILITARY OPERATIONS IN DAHOMEY, now being discussed, cannot take place before August, owing to climatic reasons. Just now Dahomey is in the midst of her great rainy season, which reaches its height in April and May, and is often accompanied by severe tornadoes. The surf becomes very strong, and sometimes no boat can land safely for a fortnight, so that at present it would be impossible to count certainly upon communication between French vessels at anchor and a force on land. On this part of the coast there are four distinct seasons. The great rains last from March 15th to July 15th, and are followed by the short dry season until September 15th; then come the "little rains" until the beginning of December, when the regular hot weather sets in until March. During this last period the heat and drought are intense, north-east winds prevail and dry up everything, the leaves of the trees fall burnt to the ground, and people find their throat, lips, and skin parched, and experience intolerable thirst. Thus the most favourable time for a European force to operate in Dahomey would be in August and early September, when the rivers within eighteen miles of the capital, Abomey. Fogs are the chief trouble in this season, the temperature being cool, and the surf moderate, rendering landing easy. The French consider their interests in this region worth protecting, as 880,000*l.* out of hands.

principles he insists upon in photography. He deprecates "snappiness," "vim," and straining after effect in negatives, but his hints on Art are disfigured by these very faults in an inordinate degree. If Dr. Emerson will be advised, he will, in a future edition, run his pen through every piece of fine writing in the book. He may possibly reduce the number of his pages in the process, but he will by so doing make his book in every way worthy of the high position which photography is now taking up in the artistic world, as the head of the black-and-white methods in the hands of a capable artist.

"The Art of Retouching Negatives, and Finishing and Colouring Photographs," by Robert Johnson (Marion and Co.). Although the practice of retouching negatives has been denounced as false in Art, there is no doubt that, if it is done, it should be done well. Mr. Johnson's book deals most thoroughly with the matter, going through every defect that can possibly occur in a negative, whether of a figure or of a landscape. The instructions are so careful and so precise that no one gifted with application and taste can fail to acquire skill in retouching negatives, while the excellent illustrations supplement the author's letterpress in the fullest manner. To the present edition Mr. Robert Johnson has added eight new chapters on artistic composition, which will be found very useful; and, as they are clearly written, they will save the amateur artist many months of labour and groping in the dark if he will only follow out the precepts which they contain.

Marion's "Practical Guide to Photography" is also issued by the same publishers. There are a great number of guides purporting to instruct the enthusiastic amateur in the whole art and mystery of dry-plate photography; but the little volume issued by Messrs. Marion is one of the very best we have yet come across. It is not overburdened with technicalities and unnecessary explanations, but goes through every process in a plain and straightforward manner, neither omitting things the beginner wants to know, nor treating him as an absolute idiot. The book is brought well up to date, and will be found useful, even by those who have made some progress in the art.

"The Year-Book of Photography for 1890" (Piper and Carter) is one of those volumes that no one who wishes to keep up with the rapid advances now being made in photography can afford to do without. It contains a number of contributions by amateur as well as professional authorities on photography, and also the results of the experiments made all over the world during the past year. A list of the principal photographic societies and clubs will be found interesting, and the standard *formule* given at the end of the book will be useful to many. A portrait of M. Alexandre Edmond Becquerel, the well-known French scientific chemist, forms the frontispiece to a most excellent and comprehensive annual.

"A Consideration of Gentle Ways, and Other Essays," by Edward Butler (Elliot Stock). This is one of those prettily-bound little volumes of essays on general subjects which are so popular nowadays with authors. They are easily and pleasantly written, though there does not seem to be any definite aim or object in their publication.

"The Collective Writings of Thomas de Quincey," edited by David Masson, Vol. VI. (Adam and Charles Black). The present volume of this capital edition contains De Quincey's historical essays and researches into Greek and Roman history and social life. Among the papers in this volume are "The Cæsars," "Homer and the Homeridae," "The Philosophy of Herodotus," and "The Philosophy of Roman History."

"The Uncollected Writings of Thomas de Quincey," edited by James Hogg: 2 vols. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.). This is yet another edition of the works of the English "Opium-eater;" but the volumes before us contain the papers scattered in various periodicals, and not collected into books by De Quincey himself. From 1850-9 Mr. Hogg was intimately acquainted with De Quincey, and he has identified, with the greatest care, the unsigned articles contributed by his friend to *Tait's Magazine*, the *London Magazine*, and several other periodicals. All lovers of De Quincey will be glad to have these papers identified on such excellent authority, and rescued from the periodicals in which they had been buried.

"The Dictionary of National Biography" (Smith, Elder, and Co.) has now reached its twenty-second volume. The present instalment contains the G's, from "Glover" to "Gravet," the most important names being those of "Oliver Goldsmith," for whom Mr. Leslie Stephen himself is responsible; and "General Gordon," whose life is written by Colonel Veitch, R.E. This volume is almost a series of biographies of Scottish warriors and celebrities, for the Gordons occupy nearly one hundred pages; and the Grahams and the Grants fill up a good share of the remainder of the book.

## PARIAH-HUNTING IN INDIA

We are indebted for the sketch from which our engraving is taken to a military officer, who writes:—

"When regiments change stations in India, it is usual for them to march; and, as they are often transferred some hundreds of miles, they may pass over a lot of strange country, and be some months on the road. In order to avoid the sun, marching in India is done in the very early morning, several miles being often covered before daylight, and the new camp is reached by eight or nine o'clock. It generally happens then, that the afternoon officers have nothing to do but amuse themselves.

"Sometimes we used to shoot; but, in a strange part of the country, it is not always possible to get correct information of the whereabouts of the game.

"One sport, however, never failed us, and we found it very good fun and exercise for ourselves and nags. This was dog-hunting. The *modus operandi* was this:—About 4 P.M. we met outside the mess-tent, generally numbering from five to ten, and trotted off to the nearest native village. Every village was a sure find. The dogs, commonly called "pariahs," are the public property and scavengers of the villages. They are gaunt-looking animals, a little larger than an English sheepdog, and they can gallop in great form.

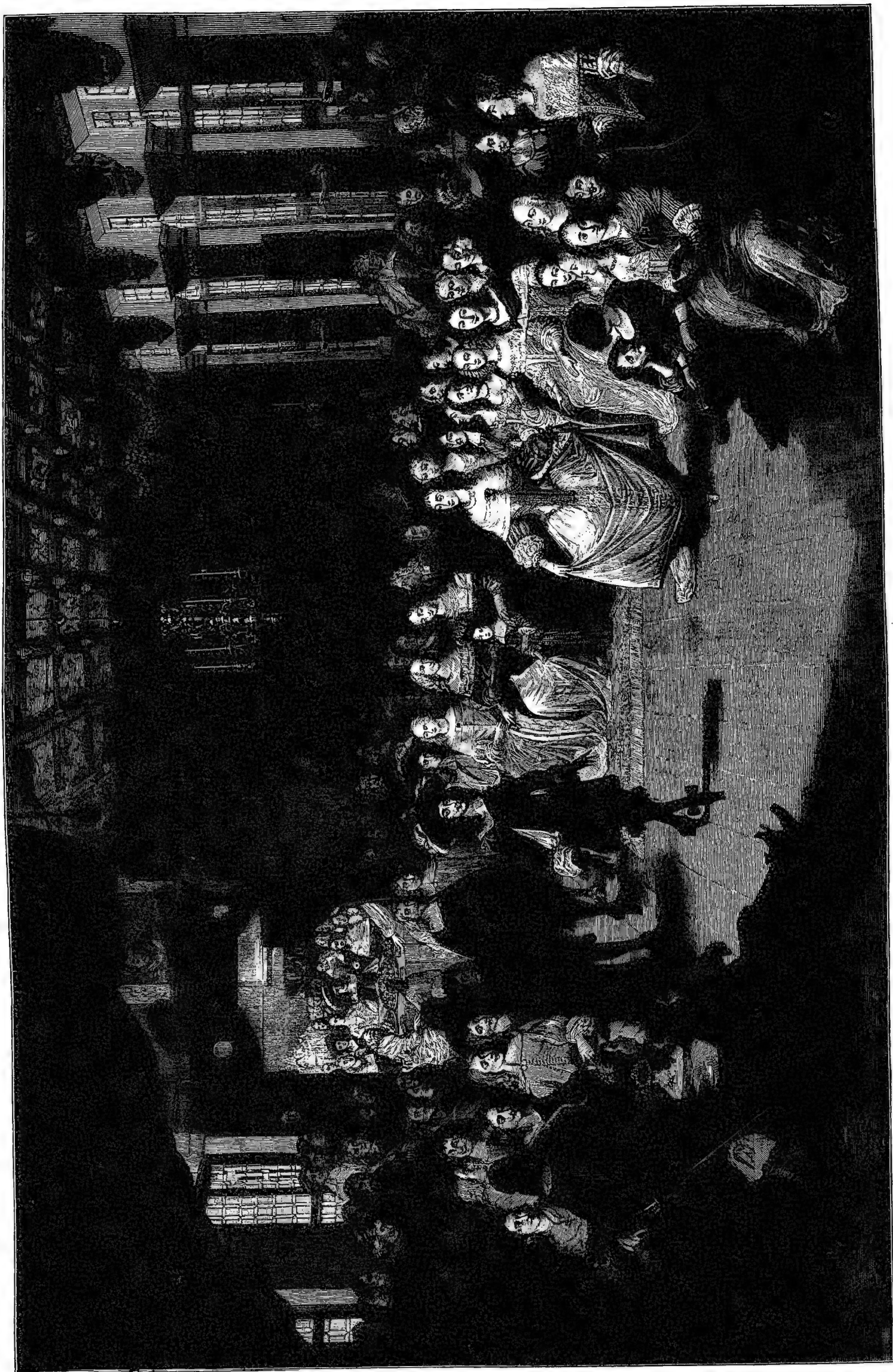
"The moment we appeared, out they came—black and white, tan and ticked—barking and snarling at us. We selected the strongest and longest, as likely to give us the best run. Without startling him too much at first, we used to get between him and the village, and gradually edge him away. When once fairly in the open, a little pressure induced him to take a line of his own, his point usually being another village, which might be from one to four miles off, and we had to gallop to keep him in sight.

"In one run, after about four miles, the large black-and-tan dog we were after disappeared. We had given him up, and climbed the 'bund' of an ancient tank near to get off and give our horses a rest. When we got to the top we discovered the dog refreshing himself by swimming about in the tank. After some minutes he escaped on the other side, and, getting into a cramped country, beat us altogether.

"On the rare occasions when we overtook the dogs, we did not hurt them; and probably in the evening they returned to their villages, never to be disturbed again.

"The country we rode over was very varied in character, and, as we were in a fresh camp, every day always possessed the charm of novelty. Our nags became exceedingly clever jumpers; and it was fortunate for us that they were so, as the obstacles we met often required a lot of negotiation. They mostly consisted of mud walls, cactus and aloe hedges, 'bumbales,' or broad ditches, and occasionally a 'gridiron,' which is formed by two or more wide irrigation ditches running parallel to each other, with just room for a horse to pitch between."





"CHARLES II. AT A BALL AT THE HAGUE"  
FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN



## THE GRAPHIC



THE opening of the new Reichstag in GERMANY inaugurates a fresh Parliamentary era for the Empire. This is the first quinquennial Parliament—the old triennial system being abandoned—and also the first elected during the present Emperor's reign. Further, the Reichstag begins work with a new Chancellor at the head of affairs, and must deal at once with most important industrial and military measures. The Emperor's Speech from the Throne on Tuesday set forth this programme in simple and straightforward terms, which have gratified all political parties. His Majesty placed industrial legislation in the first rank, and after alluding with satisfaction to the recent Labour Conference, announced that the questions of Sunday rest and the restriction of the labour of women and children required immediate consideration. Parental authority must be strengthened to check insubordination among youthful artisans, while the health and morality of the working-classes needed special protection. Emperor William remarked significantly that, whilst studying the welfare of the working-classes, His Majesty and his allies were "empowered and minded to oppose, with unbending determination, any attempt to disturb the legal order of things"—a plain hint to the Socialists. Turning to foreign relations, the Emperor declared that the lasting preservation of peace continued his unceasing aim, and that he hoped foreign Governments by now were convinced of "the trustworthiness of this policy of mine"—with a special stress upon the "mine," which is construed to mean that His Majesty is no longer subordinate to a Chancellor's will. At the same time, Germany must increase her armaments to keep pace with her neighbours, for "any displacement of the balance of power endangers the political equilibrium," and Emperor William accordingly announced the introduction of the new Military Bill. Finally, His Majesty spoke briefly of German colonial policy, which also must be aided by a supplementary credit. Two omissions are noted in the Speech. There is no mention of Prince Bismarck's retirement—for the reason that the relations between Sovereign and ex-Minister are too delicate for discussion, according to the general opinion—nor any allusion to the objectionable anti-Socialist Bill, which evidently is abandoned for the present.

The chief battles of the coming Session will be fought over the industrial legislation, for there is no doubt that the Military Bill will pass easily. This measure requires an addition of 900,000 to the annual Military Budget, and aims especially at increasing the artillery. Seventy new batteries are to be formed; the Army Corps on the east and west frontiers will be strengthened, so as to be able to act at once in the event of war; and a fresh Division added to the Bavarian contingent. Thus the peace-footing of the army will be augmented by 11,000 men, raising its strength to 486,983 men, besides the one-year volunteers. Probably the colonial credit will be obtained as easily, especially as General von Caprivi's indifference to colonial extension is a safeguard against a very adventurous policy. In the meanwhile negotiations are proceeding at Berlin to define the respective spheres of German and English interests in the various parts of Africa—a task which is likely to last some time. From EAST AFRICA itself there is no news of Major Wissmann's Expedition against Kilwa; but the long-expected letter from Dr. Peters has come to hand, showing that the Doctor is safe and well at Kivirondo, after encountering much opposition from the natives. At Mombassa Mr. Mackenzie has issued an important proclamation on behalf of the East African Company, announcing that no native of the tribes allied with the Company, and living in the district under British influence, can be recognised as a slave.

Whilst improving the welfare of the working classes on the Continent is the general subject of consideration, the labour agitation shows little signs of lessening. Happily, the fears of disturbance during the May-Day demonstration were not realised, but since then the strike movement has greatly increased. The workmen themselves behaved admirably on May-Day, the only cases of disorder being due to roughs and the idle class of artisans. GERMANY, in particular, was perfectly tranquil. Comparatively few workmen cared to risk dismissal by absenting themselves from their employment, and the only important gatherings were held in the evening. In AUSTRIA, the crowds who thronged the Viennese Prater were quiet and orderly, and never once required interference from the strong force of troops and police kept in readiness. The aristocracy held their Praterfahrt as usual, while the workmen met and speechified in the beer-gardens, and even helped the police to quell a fray with a rough crowd in the Favoriten suburb. There was more effervescence in HUNGARY—notably an attack on the prison at Prossnitz, but in the main the day passed off quietly. Thanks to the stern preventive measures in FRANCE the grand Paris demonstration dwindled down to very small proportions. The streets were crowded by curious sight-seers, but any gathering of people was dispersed promptly by the police and cavalry, and the only procession allowed to pass was the Labour Deputation to the Chamber, who interviewed M. Floquet and presented their petition for an eight hours working day. At night an Anarchist band raised a small tumult, and there were several minor attempts at rioting, entailing numerous arrests. In the provinces, only Marseilles and Lyons indulged in important demonstrations. M. Constans has won general praise for his tact in preventing disorder, and in his turn the Minister, as well as the Military Governor of Paris, has issued an address of thanks to the troops for their services. Now M. Constans has to deal with an extensive strike in the North. The workpeople at Roubaix, Tourcoing, Lille, and the neighbourhood, have raised serious disturbances, so that strong bodies of troops have been hurried to the spot. Matters are not much better in SPAIN, where Barcelona in particular has been put under martial law. The German and Austrian strikes have also spread, and at Buda-Pesth the bakers will make no rolls, and have encamped on an island on the Danube rather than work. In the UNITED STATES the employers are yielding to the men's demands in many branches of trades.

FRANCE watches with the deepest interest the progress of the negotiations with England on the Egyptian Debt. M. Ribot has shown a much more conciliatory spirit than his predecessors, and the fact that Turkey has opened a discussion with England respecting the British evacuation of Egypt has enabled France to retire with dignity from the uncompromising attitude she had formerly adopted. The French Cabinet are willing to accept conversion on the conditions that the various Debts shall be converted separately, not as a whole; that the profits shall be paid over to the Debt Commissioners, and employed only in such ways as the United Powers shall decide; and that the Daira shall be converted at a higher figure than originally proposed. The so-called "French" land tax imposed instead of the *covite* is to be abolished, and no further conversion permitted for fifteen years. This last clause is especially objected to in Cairo, considering the present favourable condition of national finance. To turn to domestic affairs, the principal topic is the effectual downfall of Boulangerism, which received the finishing touch at the second ballot for the Paris Municipal Elections on Sunday. Only two Boulangerists in all have been elected to the Council, and even the chief adherents to the

cause, like M. Naquet, acknowledge their defeat and lay down their arms. A last effort was made to induce General Boulanger to come forward and surrender himself, but in vain, and, instead of the forward landing in France last Sunday, as confidently announced, General landing returned crestfallen from Jersey, convinced that the deputation returned crestfallen from Jersey, convinced that their leader's career is ended. Thus the Government is relieved from a great anxiety, and met Parliament triumphantly at the re-opening of the Chamber on Tuesday, when M. Constans obtained a vote of confidence for upholding the authority of the Prefect of the Seine against the Municipal Council. The Newfoundland dispute comes on for debate in the Senate next Friday. Dahomey affairs will be an early subject of discussion, though the King has been convinced by the bombardment of Whydah that the French are in earnest. Accordingly he has withdrawn his troops further from Porto Novo and has asked for a delay of hostilities until to-day (Saturday), to restore the French prisoners. Paris has been keeping the anniversary of the opening of the Exhibition with much festivity, besides following the trial of M. Secrétan and his fellow managers of the late Comptoir d'Escompte and Société des Métaux, who are arraigned for causing the copper "corner," and declaring fictitious dividends. The trial will last several days longer.

Harvest prospects in INDIA have much improved, as good rains have fallen throughout the Northern provinces, and the anticipated distress will only be felt in a few districts. Beyond the continued agitation over the Legislative Councils Bill, Indian affairs are unusually quiet, and there is little of interest to record. The Bank of Bengal has suffered by a curious fraud. A Jew obtained eleven lakhs of rupees on the security of opium receipts which proved to be forged. The Government are prosecuting him for forging public documents, but the money has not been recovered.—In BURMA the once prosperous port of Moulmein is falling into serious commercial decay, owing chiefly to the heavy timber tax.

In the UNITED STATES Congress has been working steadily through some important Bills. The House of Representatives has rejected the International Copyright measure, mainly through the influence of the Protectionists. This decision is warmly condemned by the chief New York journals, which complain of the House "legalising the piracy of foreign literature, that stain on the national escutcheon." The debate on the new Tariff Bill opened on Wednesday in the House, and will probably last three months; while on the same day the Senate began the discussion of the great silver question. Such conflicting views prevail that this debate promises to be lengthy and somewhat violent. The House is also considering the establishment of an ocean mail service, whereby, provided the Government granted sufficient subsidies, powerful steamers would run between New York and Liverpool, and from San Francisco to Australia and China.

MISCELLANEOUS.—PORTUGAL has accepted the principle of arbitration respecting the Delagoa Bay Railway claims, on condition that an impartial friendly nation decides upon the form of arbitration. The Foreign Minister has announced to Parliament that he hopes the difference with Great Britain will soon be settled honourably, and in a manner as satisfactory as possible for Portugal.—AUSTRIA-HUNGARY will not remain behind her neighbours in increasing her military strength. Heavy extra credits will be asked for when the Delegations meet at Buda-Pesth on June 4th, the money being required chiefly for additional cavalry.—SPAIN has decided to introduce Universal Suffrage.—So few persons voted at the elections for the Assembly in CRETE, that a second poll may be necessary. The Christians abstained altogether and most of the Mussulmans kept away in order to prevent the constitution of an Assembly.—TURKEY is in trouble with Germany, owing to a drunken Teutonic sailor having been brutally treated by the Constantinople police. The German Ambassador had the assailants brought to trial, but they were acquitted, and Herr Von Radowitz has been threatening to leave unless justice is done.—In EGYPT great distress still exists in the Eastern Soudan, for the relief provided by the Government is quite inadequate—only three hairarookas, a small, thin meal biscuit, being given to each person. The Arabs are dying of starvation near Suakin.—NEWFOUNDLAND has sent Delegates to Canada to enlist public sympathy against the *modus vivendi* between France and England on the Fisheries Question. The Delegates declare that the islanders will resort to extreme measures to maintain their rights, if relief is not obtained speedily. The Newfoundlanders have confiscated an American fishing-schooner in Breton Harbour for violating the Bait Law.—A terrible fire has occurred in CANADA, at the Longue Pointe Lunatic Asylum, near Montreal. The whole building was burnt down, and fully 100 women lost their lives, while many inmates are at large. The exact number cannot be ascertained, as the asylum books were destroyed.



THE QUEEN held a Council at Windsor Castle at the end of last week, attended by Viscount Cranbrook and Lords Coventry and Limerick. Prince Albert Victor arrived on Saturday to visit Her Majesty on his return from his Indian tour, and in the afternoon the Royal party witnessed the baptism of the infant daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Portland in the private chapel, the Dean of Windsor officiating. The Queen was one of the sponsors, and gave the child to the Dean to be named Victoria Alexandrina Violet. Her Majesty invited a large party of the Duke and Duchess's relatives to be present, and in the evening the Duke and Duchess and the Marquis and Marchioness of Granby dined with the Queen, when Princess Christian joined the Royal circle with her daughters and younger son. After dinner Mdle. Janotha played before Her Majesty and her guest. Next morning the Queen and Royal family attended Divine Service, and in the afternoon Prince Albert Victor left for town. The Prince and Princess of Wales lunched at the Castle on Monday, when Her Majesty received the Chinese Minister, to present his credentials, and knighted Mr. John Bridge. At the Queen's command, a performance by three trained bears was given in the Castle quadrangle for the amusement of the Royal children. On Tuesday Her Majesty received Mr. Stanley, who dined with the Royal party, and slept at the Castle. Princess Louise and Lord Lorne also arrived at the Castle, and Lords Salisbury and Knutsford were among the Queen's guests. The Queen, with Prince and Princess Henry, came up to town on Thursday, to stay till Saturday, and was to hold a Drawing-Room yesterday (Friday). The Jubilee Gift from the Army will be presented to Her Majesty to-day (Saturday) at the Palace, the Queen intending to receive a deputation of officers of all classes in the Army. Her Majesty will stay at Buckingham Palace for the same period next week.

The Prince and Princess of Wales welcomed home Prince Albert Victor at the close of last week, all the family meeting him at Charing Cross. On Saturday the Princess, with her daughters and Prince George, attended the christening of the infant son of Captain the Hon. North and Mrs. Dalrymple at the Chapel Royal, Prince George being one of the godfathers. In the evening the Prince of Wales and Prince George were present at the Royal

Academy Banquet. The Prince and Princess and their family attended Divine Service on Sunday morning, and next evening were present at the Royal Geographical Society's reception of Mr. Stanley, where the Prince handed the Society's medal to the explorer. The Duke of Edinburgh was also on the platform, while the Duchess of Teck and her daughter sat with the Princesses. On Tuesday the Prince of Wales held a Levée at St. James's Palace, while the Princess and her daughters visited the Silk Loan Exhibition at St. James's Square. In the evening the Royal party went to the Lyceum. Next day the Prince and Princess opened the Royal Military Exhibition at Chelsea, the Princess receiving purses after the inaugural ceremony, while subsequently the Royal party inspected the collection. To-day (Saturday) the Prince and Princess will be present at the Albert Hall Musical Fête in aid of the Morley Convalescent Home for Working Men. The Prince will attend the Postal Jubilee Conversation at the Guildhall next Friday, and will visit the coming Essex Agricultural Show at Chelmsford. Prince George inspected his new vessel, the gunboat *Thrush*, at Chatham last week, and formally took over the command on Tuesday.

The Duke of Edinburgh will preside at the Jubilee Festival Dinner of the Naval Female School next Thursday.—Princess Christian on Wednesday opened an Industrial and Art Exhibition at Datchet.—Princess Louise has had a hearty reception in South Devon this week. Torquay kept holiday on Monday to welcome the Princess and Lord Lorne, who in the evening went to the theatre to hear Mr. Baring Gould's concert-lecture, and witnessed a Venetian *fête* in the bay. Next morning the Princess opened the Arts and Crafts' Exhibition, and laid the foundation-stone of the new harbour-works before returning to town. On Tuesday Princess Beatrice opened a floral fancy bazaar in aid of the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women and Children, Marylebone Road.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The Royal Italian Opera will open on the 19th inst., when M. Jean de Reszke will make his *rentrée* in *Faust*. Last week we gave a full list of the new vocalists engaged for the season. Since then M. Dufriche, the well-known French baritone, who has recently been singing at Madrid, has also been retained, and he will sustain the part of Quasimodo to the Phœbus of M. J. de Reszke, the Claude Frolo of M. Lassalle, and the Esmeralda of Madame Melba-Armstrong in the production in French of Mr. Goring Thomas's opera *Esmeralda*. Further additions to the company are a baritone, Signor Franceschetti, and the Irish basso, Mr. Plunkett Greene. Neither Madame Albani nor Madame Nordica has yet been engaged, but among the artists of past seasons whose names will be found in the prospectus are Miss Ella Russell, Miss M'Intyre, Madames Fürsch-Madi, Sinico, Bauermeister, Scalchi, and Tremelli, MM. Montariol, Rinaldini, F. D'Andrade, Winogradow, Isnardon, Abramoff, Miranda, and De Vaschetti. To the list of works to be produced must also be added *Tannhäuser*, in which M. J. de Reszke will for the first time play the part of the feeble-willed hero. Madame Tetrassini, the chief of the new sopranos, is an Italian by birth, and is the wife of Signor Cleofonto Campanini, the conductor. She was the original Desdemona in America to the Otello of the renowned tenor Signor Italo Campanini in the production at New York of Verdi's *Otello*. Madame Wita Caritte (or Carita) is a *débutante*, and, like many other now prominent artists, despite her name, is an American. She is said to have a very fine soprano voice, and is a pupil of Madame Lagrange. There is also a talk of engaging Madame Gerster for two or three performances, commencing with *La Sonnambula*.

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.—The Carl Rosa season will end at Drury Lane this week, although it is possible that one or two *mainées* will be given at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere before the company breaks up for the holidays. During the past five weeks ten operas have been mounted. Four of them—to wit, Mr. Cowen's *Thorgim*, Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*, Wallace's *Maritana* and *Lurline*—were from English pens, the only absolute novelty being Mr. Cowen's opera. It will thus be observed that the season has not been a particularly busy one. But the time was short, and the success achieved by *Carmen* and *Lohengrin* rendered further productions unnecessary. The company will meet again in August for the provincial tour, during which the long-promised English versions of Balfe's *Talisman* and Bizet's *Pearl Fishers* will be produced.

CHORAL CONCERTS.—The summer musical season opened at the Crystal Palace on Saturday with a remarkably fine performance of *The Golden Legend*. The choir did their part of the work admirably, and they were well supported by Mr. Manns' orchestra, and a capital cast, which included Mrs. Hutchinson, Madame Marian Mackenzie, Messrs. Piercy and Watkin Mills.—On Friday last week the St. George's Glee Union produced Mr. Coward's new cantata, *The Fishers*. An accompaniment for pianoforte and Mûstel organ only was employed; but the work is so simple that the absence of the orchestra was hardly felt. The cantata is manifestly designed to furnish an excuse for a collection first of female choruses, and then of choruses intended to be sung by male voices only. The story very possibly has been written up to the music, and the idea of separating the male and female divisions of the choir has certainly been kept in mind. In the first part of the cantata the wives and daughters are anxiously waiting the return of the fishers after a stormy night, and, with the exception of a song for an aged lighthouse-keeper, the whole of this section is necessarily devoted to female voices. In the second part the fishers are still on shipboard, slowly making their way to port. In this section, of course, men's voices alone are employed, although the requisite relief to the male choruses is afforded by a couple of songs, one narrating the pleasures of home, sung by the tenor skipper, and the other glorifying the seaman's life, trotted out by the mate, the two afterwards combining in a duet. In the last scene the male and female voices are, for the first time, united in thanksgiving, and, just before the conclusion of a melodious work, a pretty love duet is sung by the skipper and the girl he left behind him.—On Tuesday night there was a Welsh concert at St. James's Hall; the programme included Mr. Haydn Parry's *Gwen*, a work almost entirely for female voices, and his father, Dr. Joseph Parry's, oratorio *Nebuchadnezzar*. Of *Gwen* we gave a description a few weeks ago, when it was produced by the students of the Guildhall School of Music.—Dr. Joseph Parry's cantata, which narrates the miracle of the burning fiery furnace, is curiously unequal in style, its best feature being a prayer for the Hebrews, which subsequently becomes an act of worship of the true God on the part of the Babylonian King and his subjects. The United Welsh Choir sang the choruses, and all the soloists were Welsh.—The Brixton Choral Society on May Day performed the second parts of the *Creation*, with Madame Annie Marriott as principal artist. Mendelssohn's unfinished *Lorelei* and Walter Macfarren's symphony were on the programme.—On Monday the Streatham Choral Society performed *Elijah*.

CUNCELS (VARIOUS).—The *début* at Prince's Hall of Signor Galiero, the Italian pianist, last week was a *succès d'estime*, neither the performer nor his music being so well suited for public concerts



as for the drawing-room.—Herr Hans Wessely on Thursday gave a concert in association with Madame Haas. His principal solo was Max Bruch's violin concerto in G minor, played with a pianoforte accompaniment.—At Miss Josephine Simon's concert, Miss Elsie Hall, an Australian juvenile prodigy of twelve, made her *début*. This very young lady also gave on Monday a pianoforte recital on her own account. She is a clever child, but her style is obviously immature, and there can be little doubt that her public appearance now was a mistake. Miss Hall has just gained a scholarship at the Royal College of Music, where no doubt she will be properly taught, and will be encouraged to play far less ambitious music than she attempted on Monday.—On Monday also, Miss Margaret Wild gave a recital, her programme starting with Beethoven's sonata in E flat, Op. 27, and being otherwise chiefly composed of the classics.—Miss Ida Henry, on Tuesday, gave a concert in which she produced Bach's concerto in D, for harpsichord, violin, and flute, with double quartet accompaniment.—Concerts have also been given by Miss Hilda Wilson, the Misses Eissler, Miss Meredith Elliott, Miss Helen Armstrong, M. Logé, Miss Synge, Miss May Joseph, Mr. Lawrence Kellie, Mr. Franz Rummel, Miss Keatinge, and many others.

**GRESHAM PROFESSORSHIP.**—Dr. J. F. Bridge, organist of Westminster Abbey, has been elected Gresham Professor of Music. The various candidates were reduced to six, who last week gave probationary lectures, that chosen by Dr. Bridge being "The Century of Music in England which Followed the Establishment of the Gresham Professorship." This practically included almost the whole of the seventeenth century; and Dr. Bridge was able to trace the collapse of the contrapuntal and the rise of the harmonic school, of which Purcell was practically the English founder. Professor Bridge, who is forty-six years of age, was born at Oldbury; was a fellow choir-boy with the late eminent tenor, Joseph Maas, at Rochester Cathedral; and studied under his father, who was a lay-clerk at Rochester, and also under Hopkins, organist of the Cathedral, and Sir John Goss, of St. Paul's. In 1865 he became organist of Trinity Church, Windsor; and, in 1869, organist at Manchester Cathedral, and Lecturer on Harmony at Owens College there. His appointment to Westminster Abbey dates from 1875. Professor Bridge is a Professor of Harmony and Counterpoint at the Royal College of Music, and one of the examiners at Oxford University; and, apart from his fame as a theoretical musician, he has composed a cantata, *Callirhoe*, a setting of Mr. Gladstone's Latin version of Tophady's *Rock of Ages*, and a vast quantity of Church music. His oratorio, *Nineveh*, will be the principal novelty at the Worcester Festival this year.

**NOTES AND NEWS.**—The Lyric Theatre has passed into the hands of Mr. Horace Sedger, who will re-open it in September, but with what work has not yet been decided.—Madame Marie Rôze will make her only appearance in London this year at a concert given at St. James's Hall on the 19th. She will be assisted by a large number of eminent artists.—Dr. Richter is expected in London on Friday of this week, to conduct the rehearsals of the Richter Concerts.—The Italian papers persist in the statement that Verdi is engaged upon a new opera. The libretto is said to be by Boito, and the work, based of course upon Shakespeare's play, is to be called *Giulietta e Romeo*; the character of Juliet being more prominent than that of Romeo.



MISS GRACE HAWTHORNE, at the PRINCESS'S, has courageously undertaken the part of the profligate Empress Theodorina in M. Sardou's historical play—the part with which Madame Sarah Bernhardt electrified the Parisians at the Porte St. Martin five years ago; and, what is more, she has achieved in this arduous character a substantial triumph. To compare her with an actress of such superlative genius as her illustrious predecessor would of course be absurd; but there was nevertheless enough, and more than enough, of passionate energy and variety of expression in her impersonation to extort the admiration of those who can appreciate a really powerful and artistic performance. Miss Hawthorne is, on the whole, fortunate in her supporters; though Mr. Leonard Boyne's Andreas falls something short of excellence, not because his performance does not aim at what is known as "natural acting"—for high colouring is not only permissible, but absolutely needful, in a historical melodrama so elaborately planned and worked out—but because his extravagances of tone and gesture tend somewhat to overstep the line that divides tragic intensity from burlesque. One of the best pieces of acting was that of Mr. Cartwright as the patriot, Marcellus. In the great scene in which he prevails on the Empress to stab him to the heart lest the name of her lover, who has conspired against the Emperor's life, should be extorted from him by torture, Mr. Cartwright played with genuine tragic force; and praise is due to Mr. Vernon's grave and weighty portrait of the Emperor. The effect of the performance is much enhanced by the beauty and splendour of the mounting—the picturesque scenery, the gorgeous pageantry, and the rich historical costumes and armour which are brought to bear in illustration of life in Constantinople when the Empire of the East was in the zenith of its power and grandeur. As a feast for the eye alone, *Theodora* would be worth seeing; as a historical melodrama, in which dramatic situations wrought to the highest pitch of intensity follow each other in almost inexhaustible succession, it is really without a parallel in the repertory of the modern stage.

Why should Mr. Grundy write, and why should Mrs. Langtry produce, so repulsive a play as *Esther Sandraz*? This was the question that must have been uppermost in the minds of the spectators at the ST. JAMES'S Theatre as the curtain fell on Saturday evening. The heroine of this piece has the misfortune to be in love with a thoroughly worthless fellow who, while he loads her with presents and protests that he is devotedly attached to her, coolly informs her that he has determined to marry another lady—not because he loves her, but because she is rich. To make the insult more complete, he promises to console the unhappy Esther with a share in his prospective wealth. That Esther should thereupon strip herself of his jewels and cast them at his feet in the presence of his guests is, under the circumstances, natural enough. What is not natural is that so high-spirited a person should stoop to the mean and paltry revenge of obtruding herself in his household in the quality of a housekeeper, with no object but that of making her faithless admirer, who dares not expose her, extremely uncomfortable. She will make his life, she says, "a torture," but this amiable resolution promises but a sorry entertainment for the audience; and, as a fact, though Mrs. Langtry has never acted with more power or subtlety than in this character, she failed to make Esther's mean and contemptible scheme interesting. Mr. Sugden, as Henri Vandelle, was even less successful. The result was, that the audience were compelled to be content with such interest as they could muster in the fortunes of Vandelle's unfortunate wife and her quondam admirer, Deschamps, to whom she is destined to be united when her husband's revolver has put an end both to his own life and that of his vindictive housekeeper. Miss Marion Lea played the part of Madame Vandelle with a very pretty resignation, yet with a thoroughly womanly feeling, and no serious fault was to be found

with Mr. Bouchier's Deschamps. But these personages are altogether too subordinate in the story to excite any strong sympathy. The moderate humours of Mr. Everill's impersonation of a comic mayor imparted some relief, and the play, which is based upon M. Belot's novel, "Une Femme de Glace," was, thanks in great part to its sprightly dialogue, indulgently received; but *Esther Sandraz* will certainly not take rank among the most popular pieces of Mrs. Langtry's repertory.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree writes:—  
"DEAR SIR,—In reference to your paragraph reflecting upon the production of *A Village Priest*, I have of course no word to say in regard to your condemnation of me as an artist. But, as manager, I think your insinuation that I am responsible for any flaws in Mr. Grundy's play somewhat unjust (Mr. Oswald Crawford will receive an easy rebuke elsewhere). Perhaps you will very kindly say that Mr. Grundy wrote the play, and that it was brought to me in its complete state. My chief work was to cut my part. Moreover, both Mr. Terry's and Mr. Fernandez's parts were fully as prominent as my own; and I really cannot understand this latest sneer at 'actor-managers,' who have produced all the good work that has been done for the stage both now and in the past.—Yours faithfully, H. B. TREE."

With reference to Mr. Tree's note, we have only to say that it was very far from our intention to condemn him "as an artist." We thought that some of the speeches assigned to the Abbé Dubois were too long; and, if we mistake not, the correctness of this opinion has been since practically acknowledged by further "cuts."

Miss Thompson, an American actress, alleges that an unfavourable notice of her acting in a new version of *Jack Sheppard* which appeared in the *New York Spirit of the Times* was due to the fact that somebody connected with this paper "demanded seventy-five dollars for a favourable notice, and was refused." The strong probability seems to be that the lady has been hoaxed. The well-known critic of the paper protests, somewhat unnecessarily, that he is "certainly above a seventy-five dollar suspicion." What is more to the point, he insists upon an investigation.

It has been noted that not a single play of Shakespeare's was on the bills of the New York theatres on the poet's reputed birthday. It would certainly have been difficult to find an important city in North or South Germany of which the same could be said. In London Shakespeare was represented on that day by *As You Like It* at the ST. JAMES'S and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the GLOBE—both performances of remarkable merit.

The ROYALTY Theatre, which has been for some time a prey to dust and silence, will shortly be re-opened by Miss Melnotte with a revival of *The Barrister*.

English opera at DRURY LANE will to-night come to an end, and on Monday evening romantic drama will here resume its reign, in the shape of the American piece entitled *Paul Keweenaw*. Mr. Terriss, in whose portmanteau the manuscript of this play came to England, plays the hero, in association with Miss Millward as the heroine.

A New York daily paper has sent forth a general invitation to the unacted to submit their plays for judgment with an undertaking to produce that which is deemed the best at the well-known Union Square Theatre. Tons of manuscripts—if the type-writing, which is insisted on, may pass under that description—are reported to have been "shot" at the doors of the adventurous editor. The result is looked forward to with curiosity, if not with hopefulness.

After some hesitation Mr. Thomas Thorne has promoted *Miss Tomboy* to the evening bill at the VAUDEVILLE in the place of *She Swoops to Conquer*. The latter comedy, by the way, is to be revived by Mr. Charles Wyndham at the CRITERION to-night.

The LYCEUM season is now drawing to a close. On Saturday afternoon Mr. Irving reappeared in *Louis XI. The Dead Heart* comes to an end on Friday, when it will be played for the 183rd time. It will be followed by *The Bells*, which, in its turn, will give way to *Olivia* on the 27th inst. It is this play that Miss Ellen Terry has judiciously chosen for her benefit on May 31st, the last night of the season.



**THE TURF.**—The end of the First Spring Meeting at headquarters last week does not call for much comment. In the absence of the Chevalier Ginistrelli's Signorina, the One Thousand was voted a good thing for the Duke of Portland's Semolina, who started at 2 to 1 on. As it turned out, the Duke could have won with his other candidate, Memoir, but as he had declared to win with Semolina, Memoir was "steadied" and Semolina permitted to win. Baron de Rothschild's Fatuité was third. Of the other events we may mention the Chippenham Stakes, in which Lactantius and Middlesex made a dead heat, the Heath High-Weight Handicap, which fell to Colonel North's High Commissioner, and the Bretby Plate, won by Mr. McCalmont's Carthusian. Mr. Arthur Coventry, the well-known cross-country rider, who has been appointed official starter to the Jockey Club in succession to Lord Marcus Beresford, resigned, made a successful *début* during the week.

The Prince of Wales, for whom, rumour says, Lord Marcus Beresford is going to train, came out in a new character last week—that of a Turf reformer. It was but a very mild reform that His Royal Highness proposed to the Jockey Club, being nothing more than the sensible suggestion that at Newmarket, as at some other meetings, a bell should be rung when the horses started.—Even popular jockeys are not above law. T. Loates and his brother, S. Loates, were both suspended last week for foul riding.—Hermit is dead, but his counterfeiter presentment will continue to reign at Blankney, for his skin has been handed over to Mr. Rowland Ward, F.Z.S., to "set up."—At Alexandra Park on Saturday A. White seemed to have borrowed the luck which always attended C. Wood at this meeting, for he rode three winners. One of them was Krishna, formerly the property of the late Lord Falmouth, whose success on this occasion is attributed to his having absorbed a bottle of old port just before the race.—Heaume won the Poule d'Essai (French Two Thousand) at the Paris Spring Meeting on Sunday, but both he and his jockey, F. Barrett, sustained somewhat severe injuries, owing to a collision with the rails.

**CRICKET.**—Some of our Australian visitors have been taking part in local matches with marked success. Playing against Fifteen of Richmond last week, Lyons made 97 and Charlton 61 (not out), while against Eighteen of Erith Dr. J. E. Barrett put together 50. The unlucky S. P. Jones, however, damaged his hand in bringing off a hard catch.—Already there has been some high scoring. At Oxford on Saturday Magdalen made 557 (Mr. T. B. Case 171, Mr. F. J. N. Thesiger 119, Mr. R. D. Budworth 96) against Hertford; while on the same day at Portsmouth Lieutenant L. A. Hamilton made 269 out of the 409 scored by the Army against the Navy.—Very even scoring characterised the match between the Ecteteras and Perambulators at Cambridge. The Freshmen's Match produced some fair but not startling performances.—In the Seniors' Match at Oxford Mr. E. Smith (University) made 106, and Mr. W. D. Llewellyn (New) 88.—Mr. W. W. Read and Sharpe were the heroes of the match between Surrey against Hampshire, in which Hants was defeated in a single innings. The former scored 102, and the latter took five wickets for 2 runs.—We are glad to note

that the big deficit (nearly 4,000*l.*) of the Essex C. C. has been met by voluntary contributions.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—At the annual meeting of the Football League, Sunderland was admitted a member of the combination in place of Stoke, which had for two years held the "wooden spoon" of the competition. Preston North End, the Champions of the League, have for the second time this season defeated Blackburn Rovers, the holders of the Association Cup.—Mr. A. P. Gaskell once more proved himself the best amateur billiard player who has yet come forward in public by his display in winning the Amateur Billiard Championship for the fifth time in succession, and making, among others, a break of 114. Captain Bailey, who has now challenged him, has a big reputation in private, and may succeed in lowering his colours when they meet.—The Amateur Golf Championship at Hoylake, last week, fell to Mr. John Ball, jun., who defeated Mr. J. E. Laidlay (holder) in the final.—At Lacrosse, the meeting between South Manchester and West London, holders respectively of the Northern and Southern Challenge Flags, resulted easily in favour of the first-named.—At Tennis, Sir Edward Gray, the Amateur Champion, was easily beaten by P. Latham, the marker at the Queen's Club.—The National Physical Recreation Society will hold its annual display at the Royal Agricultural Hall during the week commencing Monday, May 26th. The programme will include Mass-Gymnastics, Physical Exercises by Girls, Quarter-Staff Play, Reel-Dancing, Boxing, Musical Drill, Football Matches, and a House on Fire, with the rescue of the inmates by the Metropolitan Fire Brigade.



THE SEASON has become genial, and the development of vegetation has been rapid. The elms, which are wonderfully cautious in trusting their young leaf-buds to a rasping north-easter, have almost rushed into foliage with a shifting of the wind, while the green-grey leaf-fronds of the willow and the osier, till very recently quite invisible, are now apparent enough to invest certain river banks and approaches with a bloom of warm grey which we have heard more than one artist declare to be the most beautiful shade of colour in nature. The lilacs are coming out, the narcissus is in full bloom, and the iris is beginning to unfold its purple flag. The aspect of the autumn-sown wheat is all that farmers could wish, and the April-sown fields of barley have made a favourable start. Spring-sown beans and peas have also done well. The agricultural outlook as a whole is promising.

**HERTS AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.**—An erroneous statement lately appeared in this column, to the effect that this Society had collapsed. On the contrary it is financially and popularly flourishing. The Annual Show is to be held at Hatfield, on July 17th, when, as the district is rich in cattle, horses, and other stock, a good display may be expected. The Association that had ceased to exist was the Herts Chamber of Agriculture. On this point there is much misunderstanding. Farmers' Clubs and Agricultural Societies are managed on different lines to Chambers of Agriculture, the latter being strictly formed rather to watch over rural interests as regards legislation, imperial and local, whilst the Societies are based upon practical farming and stock-breeding, which are fostered by shows and prizes.

**FALLOW.**—A charming picture of "fallow-land," before which our attention was arrested at one of the private views, reminded us of how this "common object of the country side" was becoming in sooth an uncommon one. Wheat at thirty shillings per quarter will no longer bear two years' profit, and if the farmer cannot coax the soil by fertilisers into successive good yields of one crop or another, he finds he cannot pay his way. Stiff and unpliable clay-land is almost the only well-farmed soil on which fallow still has a legitimate place, and in this case a yield of six or seven quarters per acre in the crop year goes to make the sacrifice good policy. It is a pity in many ways that the fallow-land should be abandoned, for it is Nature's rest and man's opportunity for thorough tilling combined. It allows the soil to be disintegrated and gone over in such a manner as to derive a maximum of benefit from atmospheric influences; and yet, for all regrets, fallows are becoming more and more uncommon every year.

**SHEEP SHEARING.**—Another fortnight will see the beginning of sheep-shearing, and some interest is expressed in the new Wolseley machine-shearing introduced from Australia. It is an adaptation of hand-power to the control of a shearing-machine, and, so far as the sheep is concerned, appears to present no difficulty, the sheep being held and handled as in ordinary shearing, and seeming almost always to yield itself with passive indifference to the mechanical novelty. The head is freed from loose wool, and the cheeks, throat, and parts around the ears. The breast and belly wool is then opened out, and in a few broad cuts the fleece begins to peel off rapidly under the hands of the shearer. The work is superior to that usually done by hand, and much more rapid, as a good operator turns off a sheep every seven or eight minutes. The machine is expensive (ten guineas), and there will hardly be a sale for it among small farmers. With big breeders the saving in time and labour makes the first outlay comparatively trivial.

**PROFESSOR WILLIAMS,** addressing a large meeting in Yorkshire last week, said that it was desirable to prevent anything like breeding from tuberculous cattle. He thought the present craze of slaughtering all suspected animals was carried to an absurd extent, the truest protection being in a thoroughly healthy parentage of stock. The fear expressed about eating the flesh of cattle killed in an early stage of pleuro-pneumonia or of milk fever was based upon sentiment and not upon common sense. No real danger attached to eating such food. The remarks of the Professor may be useful as warning us of a direction in which opinion has been going very far of late, but in neither of the instances which he specifies can it be denied that the action taken is on the side of caution—a feeling not so very far removed, after all, from common sense.

**DAIRY FARMING AND SHOWS.**—The approaching Exhibition of Jersey Cattle at Kempton Park is held to be something of a new departure in dairy shows. Hitherto the stock shown thereat have been of various breeds, and the awards have been conflicting. The great influence upon dairy produce, especially on butter, which is consequent upon breed, has hitherto been inadequately illustrated. At the Show of May 16th the Jerseys will be represented in both sexes at different ages, and in their produce, while elaborate milking tests have also been provided for.

**AGRICULTURAL SHOW RULES.**—A case just decided in the matter of the Vale of Eden Society is of considerable interest to exhibitors. Mr. Taylor of Halgarth, near Appleby, recently exhibited at the Vale of Eden Show a heifer, which won a first prize. The rules of the Show Committee stated that "all animals competing must be pasture-fed, and must have been out of doors for three months before the date of show." There was no representation made of Mr. Taylor's heifer having done this, and the Committee refused to award the prize. Now Mr. Taylor's representatives alleged that as the prize was not one given by the Society, but by an outsider—a patron of local breeding—the Society's special restriction did not apply. The Judge's decision was adverse to Mr.

(Continued on page 542)

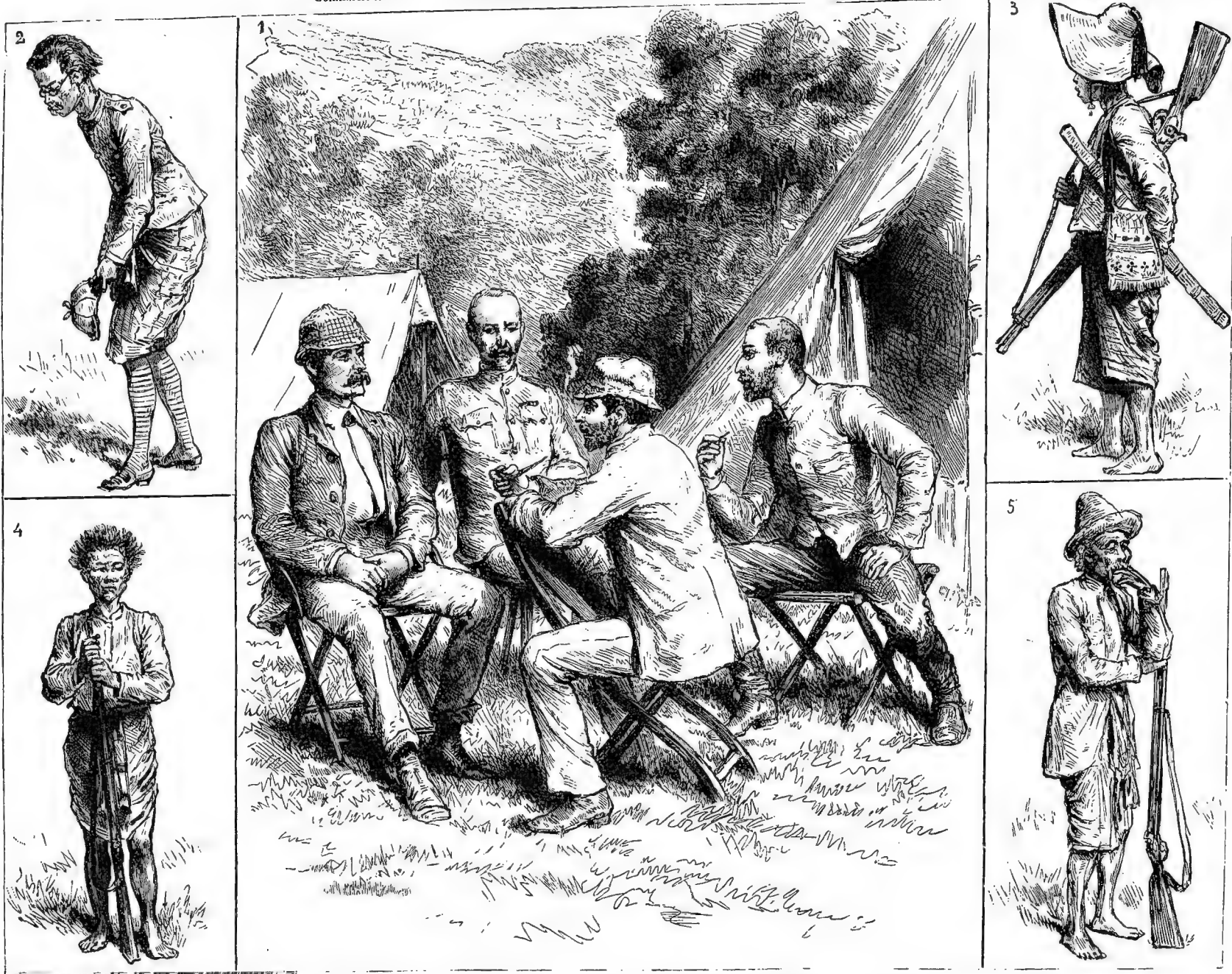


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Nine of such homes have already been opened at 7, 9, 11, 15, and 17, Minford Gardens, West Kensington Park; 25 and 27, St. George's Road, Notting Hill; 65, Waltham Road, St. Peter's Park, Paddington; and 41, Fenge Road, South Norwood. They are all open to visitors between the hours of 4 and 5 p.m.

All these homes are now full, and although 41 new inmates were admitted during 1889, there are still over 50 applicants anxiously waiting for admission. There does not, however, seem to be any hope of this greatly needed charity being enlarged to any extent until some portion at least of the existing mortgages is paid off. These amount to 42,000 and trials to visit freehold houses that have been acquired in Minford Gardens (five of them used as homes and one let) and the large home in Waltham Road.

Under these circumstances the Committee seek additional subscriptions and donations, and ask friends who are interested in the aged, and sympathize with their specific difficulties, to visit the homes of these homes, where they will witness for themselves the amount of comfort and happiness secured to each pensioner at a yearly cost to the Charity of about four guineas per head.

Subscriptions may be sent to, and any further information obtained from, the Hon. Secretaries, the Misses Harrison, 5, Grandacre Terrace, Avenley, S.E.









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happy  
till he  
gets it!*

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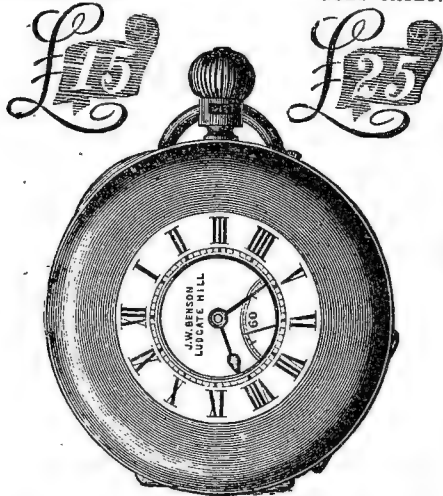
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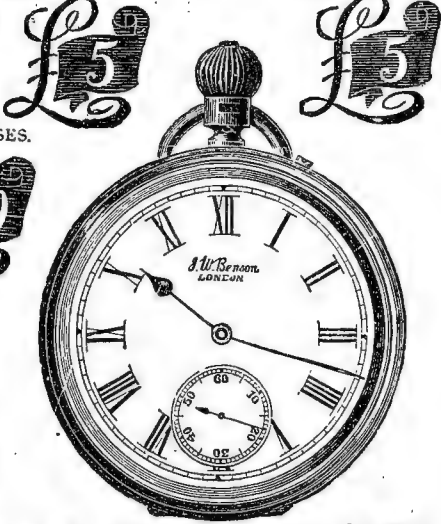
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with open arms.—Mr. John Rae writes on "The Betterment Tax in America;" while Mr. Justin McCarthy, Dr. Spence Watson, and Mr. G. J. Romanes also contribute to the *Review*.

In the *National Review*, the common-sense view of a recent great personal event in Germany is taken by an anonymous writer, under the formidable heading, "The Real Cause of Prince Bismarck's Retirement."—In praise of his mother country, Mr. Alfred Austin has some graceful verses "On Returning to England."—Lady Paget gives an interesting account of "A Visit to Count Mattei;" while Mr. Percy Fitzgerald treats pleasantly of a more commonplace subject, "Music-Hall Land."

The opening chapters of a new serial, "A Secret Mission," appear in the *May Blackwood*. This is a novel founded on events arising from the present state of armed tension between the great European Powers. The plot has a foundation on a tragic incident which was scarcely allowed to pass beyond the knowledge of the official circles under whose notice it fell. The scene is on the Russo-German frontier line.—Sir Rowland Blennerhasset bases on Von Sybel's new great work an intelligent survey of "The Prussian Monarchy and the Revolution of 1848."—Mr. Basil Thomson takes us into the recent past of Fiji with "The Last of the Cannibal Chiefs."

Murray opens with a lucid account, entitled "Mad Tipperary," of the warfare waged by Mr. W. O'Brien against Mr. Smith-Barry.—The present situation in the two great countries on either side the Rhine is described in "The New Departure," which treats of "France under M. Constans" and "Germany under Bismarck."

Professor Goldwin Smith in *Macmillan* supplies a well-written biography of William Lloyd Garrison, under the heading, "A Moral Crusader."—Excellent, too, is Mr. Arthur Montefiore's "Our Boys in Florida." He takes quite a *couleur de rose* view of life in that orange-growing State.—We may mention also a good literary article, Mr. John Fyvie's "George Wither;" and some reminiscences

of recent Royal travel, "Prince Albert Victor in Travancore," by Mr. J. D. Rees.

"Studies in Character" in this month's *New Review* is concerned with Stanley, who is analysed by no unfriendly hand.—Dr. Robson of Meath on "Lungs for Our Great Cities," and Mrs. Jeune on "Holidays for Poor Children" are dealing with congenial subjects. Mr. E. J. Glave continues in *St. Nicholas* his admirable sketches of existence on the banks of the Congo. His paper, "Six Years in the Wills of Central Africa," is very readable and graphic, and abounds moreover in illustrations both lively and instructive.

Sir Julian Goldsmid contributes to the *English Illustrated* an entertaining paper, "Transatlantic Trifles." He says, anent interviewing, that a reporter called on him two or three times, and that on each occasion he happened to be out. The reporter grew tired of his efforts, and published a paragraph without seeing Sir Julian. It began thus:—"At last we have got a live English lord. Sir Julian Goldsmid has arrived in our city."—We must also draw attention to Mr. Albert Fleming's handsomely and profusely illustrated eulogy of "Albert Dürer and His Works."

"Barbizon and Jean-François Millet," by Mr. T. H. Bartlett, in *Scrivener*, is an article of unusual richness of illustration. It deals with the country around Barbizon made famous by Millet's pictures and personality.—Noticeable also is the paper by a Japanese author, T. J. Nakagawa, on "The Theatres of Japan."

Lovers of flowers will enjoy Mr. Frederick Boyle's article in *Longman* on "Warm Orchids." This gentleman, some fourteen months ago, in the same magazine treated of "Cool Orchids." Warm orchids, it may be explained for the uninitiated, are those which like a minimum temperature while growing of 60 deg., while resting of 55 deg. As for the maximum, it signifies little in the former case, but in the latter:—during the months of rest—it cannot

be allowed to go beyond 60 deg. for any length of time without mischief.—Dr. B. W. Richardson tells us in instructive fashion the life story of "William Gilbert, the First Electrician."—Powerful and pathetic is E. Nesbit's poem, "A Convict."

Mr. A. G. Swinburne contributes to the *United Service Magazine* "England: an Ode." The first stanza runs:—

Sea and strand, and a lordlier land than sea-tides rolling and rising sun,  
Clasp and lighten in climes that brighten with day when day that was here is done,  
Call aloud on their children, proud with trust that future and past are one.

A suggestive memorandum in French on "England and Belgium" is from the pen of General Brialmont, ex-Minister of War, Belgium. We may also refer in passing to Colonel Maurice's second paper on "Waterloo: the Origin of Legends."—The Rev. J. R. Macduff, D.D., has in the *Quiver* an eloquent plea against "Cruelty to Animals."

The most noticeable papers in the *Newbury House Magazine* are an account of the "Emin Pasha Relief Expedition," by Dr. Felkin, and an illustrated article, entitled "Our Pilgrimage to Oberammergau," by Austin Clare.

*East and West*, which begins a new series this month, opens with the first chapter of a new serial, "Miss Wentworth's Idea," by Mr. W. E. Norris.—In "Feminiana: English, French, American," Max O'Rell gives the result of his studies of the fair sex in different lands.

In the *Sun*, Mr. G. Barnett Smith begins well the first of a series of essays on "The American Humourists."

A well-printed, nicely and abundantly illustrated magazine, which we commend to the notice of our readers for their children, is *Wide Awake*, printed at Boston, U.S., by the D. Lothrop Company.

We have also received the *Art Review*, *Atalanta*, *Leisure Hour*, *Sunday at Home*, *Little Folks*, *Sunday Magazine*, *All the Year Round*, *Chambers's Journal*, *London Society*, *Home Chimes*, and *Cassell's Family Magazine*.

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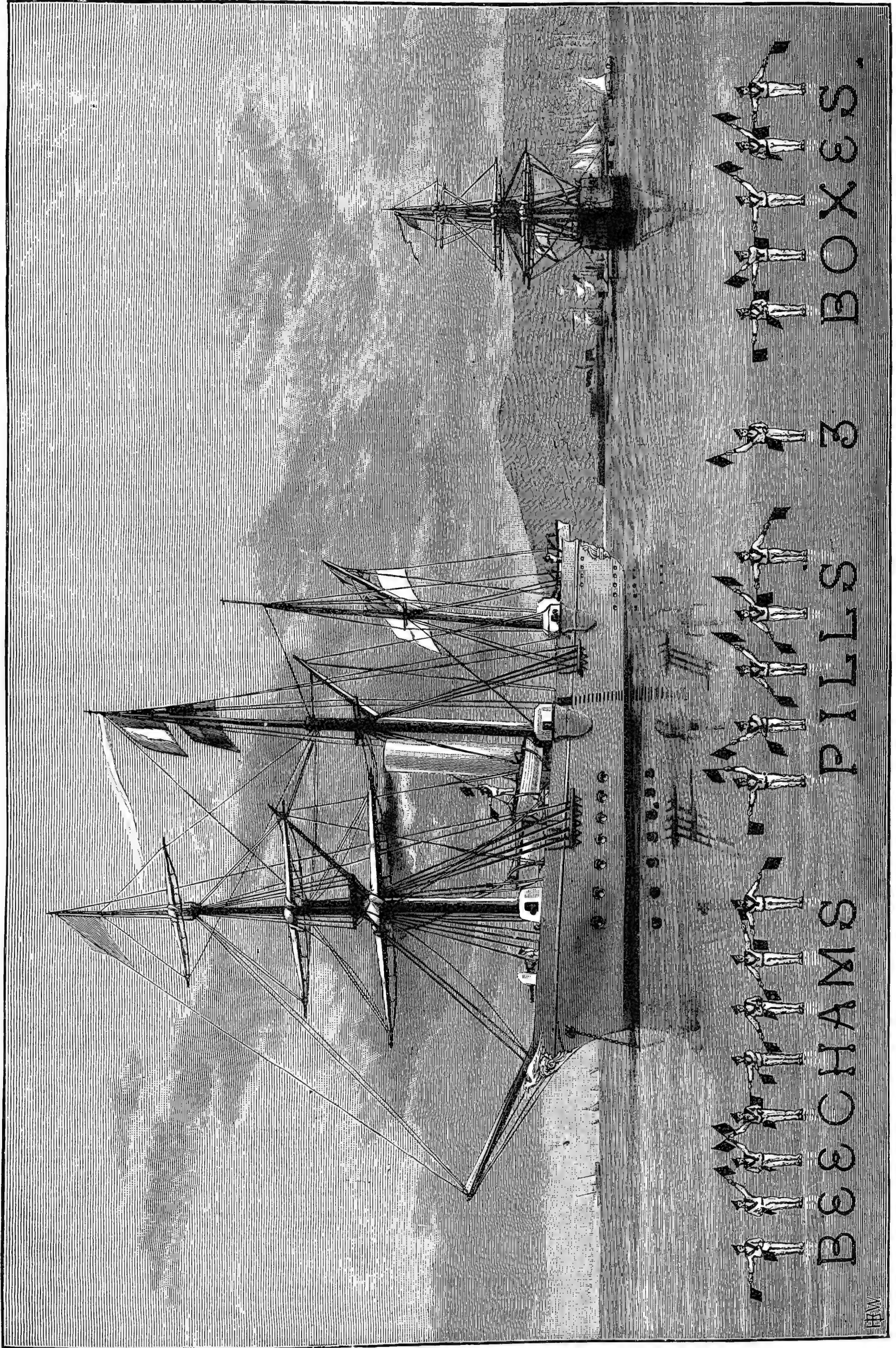
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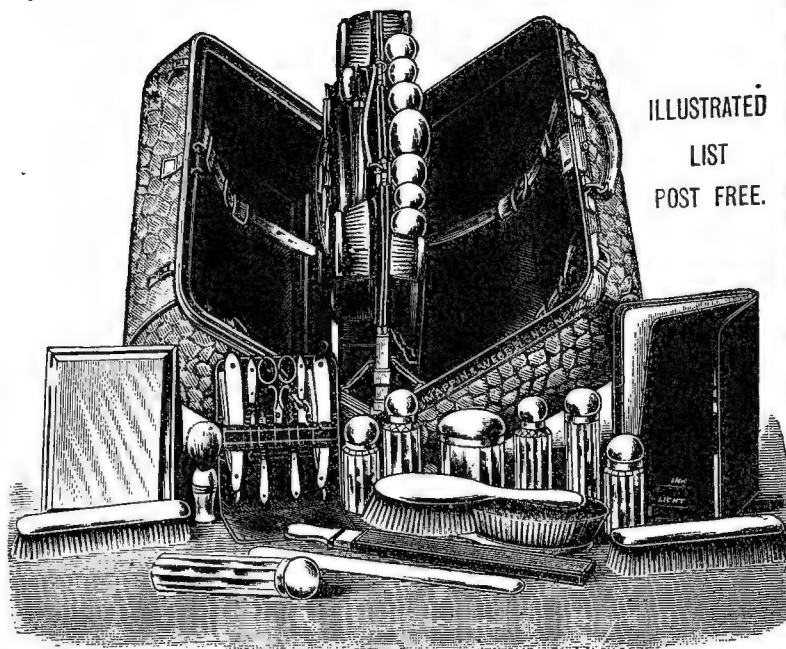
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*Extract from a Naval Officer's Journal.*—Montevideo, December 17th, 1889.—H.M.S. "Swallow" (gun vessel) arrived to-day from Rio de Janeiro (where she had been sent on account of the recent Revolution) with yellow fever on board, and was, of course, placed in strict quarantine. Being so near Christmas, many luxuries were required from the shore, and she signalled us a long list of necessities for the festive season to be sent out in the quarantine boat. Among the first of the articles on the list was **BEECHAM'S PILLS. 3 BOXES FOR THE CAPTAIN!**





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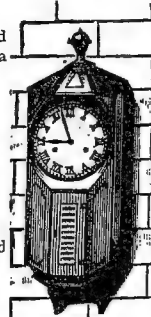


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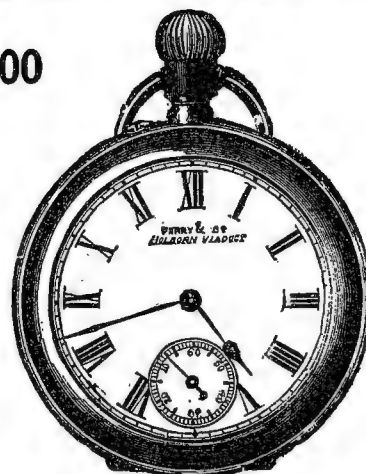
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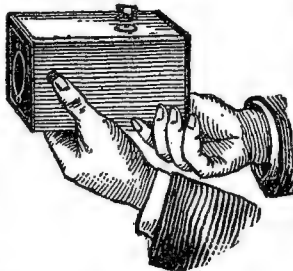
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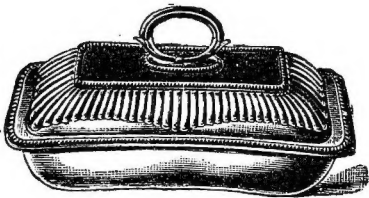
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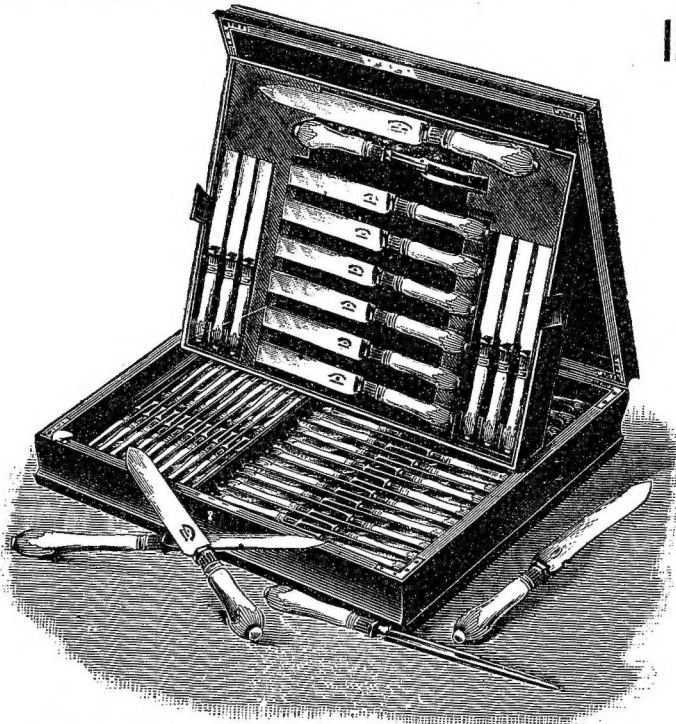
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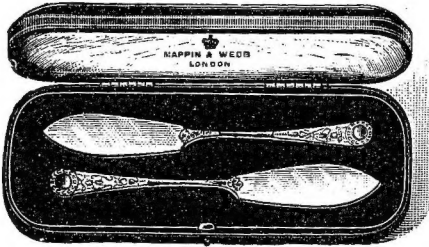


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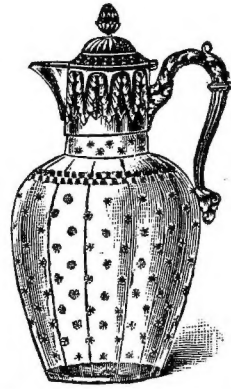


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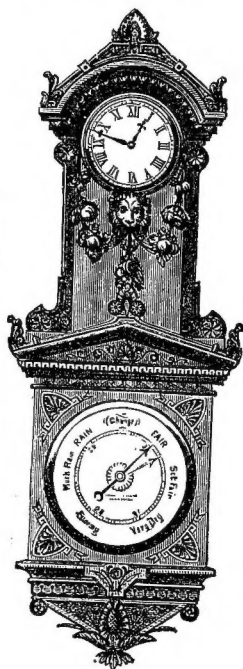
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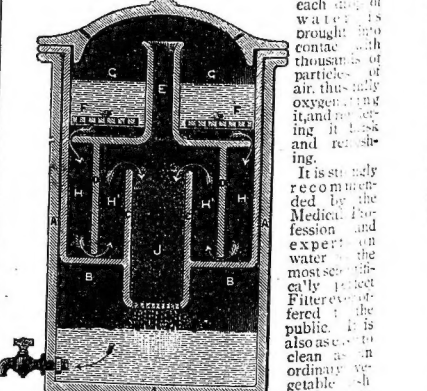
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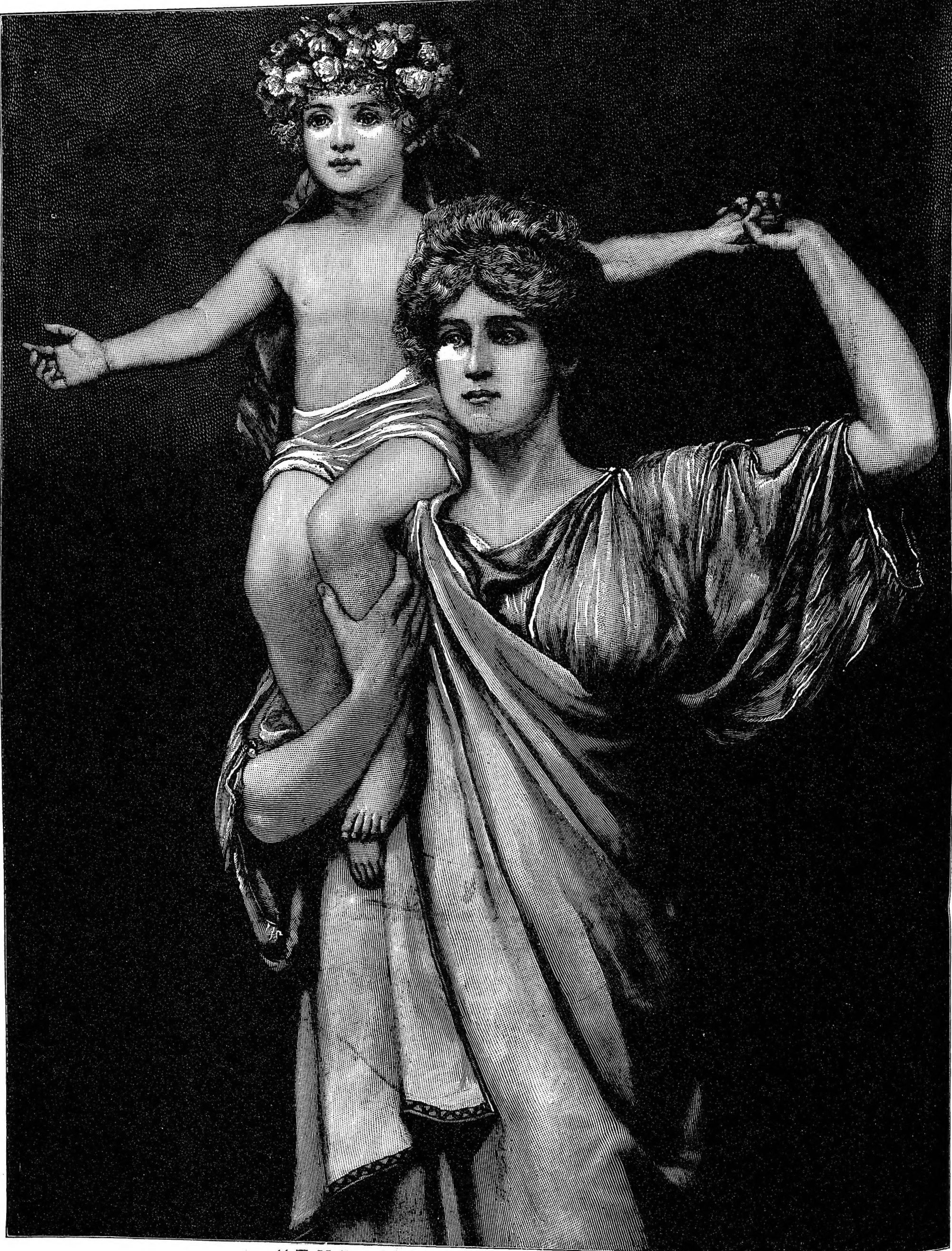
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THE GRAPHIC, MAY 10, 1890





# “THE INTRODUCTION”

FROM THE PAINTING BY HERBERT SCHMALZ

The “Graphic” has, with Pen and Pencil, it appears, Made friends the wide world o’er now nearly twenty years!

Its Birth seems yesterday—two decades soon are o’er—  
 ’Twill hold its own, we trust, for many decades more!  
 Behold its Child—Time flies!—a sturdy infant too,

Who fain would run alone, and pants for pastures new;  
 Who wishes wider fields, who longs for latest news,  
 For telegrams as well as instantaneous views.

A daring Child! Let’s hope this “Daily Graphic” may,  
 Be, with its Pen and Pencil, graphic day by day!  
 J. ASHBY-STERRY.

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 important Towns at Home and Abroad.

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